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The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 36 NO. 10 Lessons for January OCTOBER 1949

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Vol. 36 OCTOBER, 1949 No. 10

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Making Our Homes More Livable ..... Christine H. Robinson 651
Adoption of Children ..... Mary L. Dillman 664
Suggestions for a Work Meeting Luncheon ..... Christine Eaton 679

FICTION

You Can Learn—Part I—A is for Adult—B is for Bride ..... Katherine Kelly 660
Tempered—Part II ..... Gladys I. Hamilton 667
Joanna—Chapter 10 ..... Margery S. Stewart 681

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago 672
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 673
Editorial: "The Best of Friends" ..... Marianne C. Sharp 674
Notes to the Field: Relief Society Handbook Obtainable Only at Office of General Board..... 675
Notes From the Field: Bazaars, Singing Mothers, Socials, and Other Activities ..... General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering 689
From Near and Far 720

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

The Interest and Beauty of Fruit ..... Mary Grant Judd 676
A Halloween Spook Table ..... Rachel K. Laurgaard 678
Crocheting Is Her Hobby 680
Home Safety—a Family Affair ..... Nellie O. Parker 685
Let's Do Better Embroidery ..... Doris Feil 687

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: "The Perean and Judean Ministry" and "The Last Winter" ..... Don B. Colton 695
Visiting Teacher Messages: "Lovest Thou Me? . . . Feed My Lambs" ..... Mary Grant Judd 700
Work Meeting: Underwear and Nightwear ..... Jean Ridges Jennings 701
Literature: The English Bible ..... Briant S. Jacobs 702
Social Science: "Governments Instituted for the Benefit of Man" ..... G. Homer Durham 708
Optional Lessons in Lieu of Social Science: President Heber J. Grant ..... T. Edgar Lyon 713

POETRY

Time for Sorting—Frontispiece ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 649
Mosaic ..... Christie Lund Coles 659
Just Naturally ..... Iris W. Schow 671
A Sidewalk Sketch ..... Elaine Swain 680
Secrets ..... Elizabeth Johnson 686
Opportunity ..... Evelyn Fjeldsted 699
Against the Years ..... Dorothy J. Roberts 712
Bride's Illusion for a Pioneer ..... Lael W. Hill 719

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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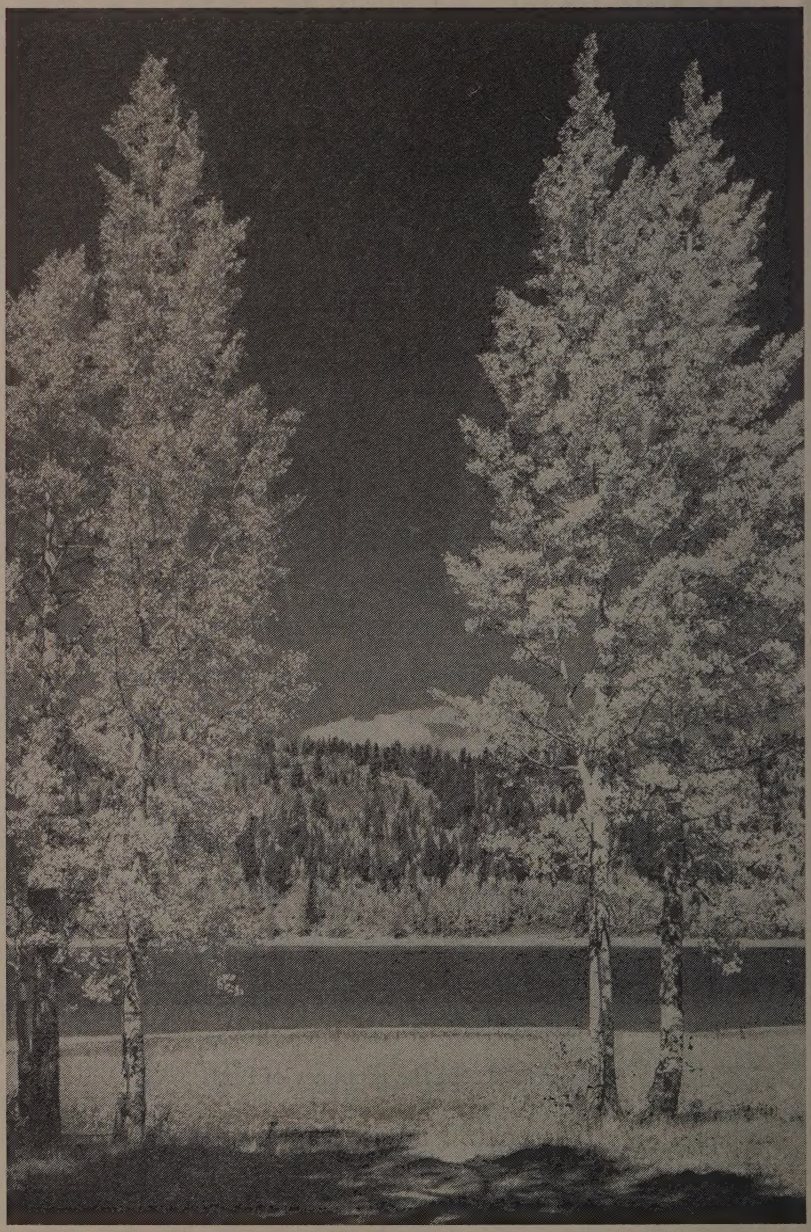
Time for Sorting

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Now that the air of morning is too cool
While noontime licks at earth with dragon tongue,
A listening stillness waits in every pool
Reflecting branches gold and scarlet hung;
Too bitter is the loss of youth and spring,
Too sad the browning stem on earthbound root,
Too empty stretch the songless boughs to bring
The joy that was the petal and the fruit.

But when the ricks are silvered by the moon
And, silver-spangled, leans the tasseled corn,
No longer is the autumn come too soon
But offers time for sorting treasures borne
On dew-webbed days, too brief, forever lost;
And hearts accept the prophecy of frost.

The Cover: The Blue Mountains near Blanding, Utah, photograph by Willard Luce.



Josef Muench

NAVAJO LAKE, SOUTHERN UTAH

Making Our Homes More Livable

Christine H. Robinson

Member, Relief Society General Board

HERE is my heart, my happiness, my home. Here, inside the lighted window, is my love, my hope, my life. Peace is my companion on the pathway winding to the threshold. Inside this portal dwells new strength in the security, serenity, and radiance of those I love above life itself. Here will I build new dreams—dreams that tomorrow will come true.

The world over, these are the thoughts at eventide when footsteps turn ever homeward. In the haven of the hearthside is rest and peace and comfort.

Thus, Abraham Lincoln summed up the true spirit of the ideal home. This is the kind of home we as Relief Society members want for our families—a place where consideration, kindliness, and happiness glow. We want our families to grow up in homes which are havens of security, builders of spirituality, stabilizing forces in an uncertain world.

Rich and lasting pleasures come from creating a livable home. There are deep satisfactions in taking a mere house and building beauty, comfort, and charm into it, and in endowing it with the imprint of our personalities.

Decorating a house is an exciting and challenging experience. It has ever been one of the deep inner urges of mankind to seek to make his place of abode more beautiful. Even the ancient cave men felt the need to make their shelters more than mere dwellings. They beautified their caves by etching and painting pictures and designs on the bare stone walls. Similarly, we today seek to enrich our homes with beauty. We strive to make them not only more pleasant places in which to live, but we want them to express the true personality of our families.

Houses have personalities just as surely as do the people who live in them. The first principle of effective interior decorating consists in *making sure that the personality of the home expresses the personalities of those who live in it.* We cannot possibly be at our best in a house that conflicts with our personalities any more than we can be completely at ease with clothes that are ill-fitting and in poor taste. The more nearly our home expresses the personality of our family the happier and more contented we and our loved ones who live in it will feel. It is when we step out of role and try to pattern our homes after the Joneses that we set the stage for a feeling of frustration.

Recently, I was in the home of a well-to-do Salt Lake family. I was surprised to find it to be a small, unpretentious apartment. However, it had been decorated in such a manner as to give it a friendly, homelike, and gracious atmosphere. I commented about the decorative scheme and the family told me that for the first time in many years they were truly happy in their surroundings. Previously, they had lived in a large house which had been decorated in the formal manner.

They had lived in this large house for seventeen years, but had never really been contented. Their elaborately decorated living room was used solely for entertaining and when they ate in their spacious dining room, they were almost afraid even to speak to one another. They hastened to assure me that they were always very proud of this house, that it was decorated in a grand and authentic manner, but they had never really been happy in it. They are fundamentally quiet, home-loving people and a formal house conflicted with their personalities.

WE want to create a home background in which we will be happy and at ease. The feeling we wish to create will influence the selection of the room's color scheme, and the choice and arrangement of the furniture. If yours is a quiet family which likes to read a great deal and listen to the radio, you will naturally prefer quiet, restful colors and furnishings. A home expressing novelty and sophistication would be out of place and disappointing. On the other hand, if your family is definitely the outdoor type, loving active sports, you will want your home and its furnishings to be colorful yet sincere in lines and type. In your decorating you will want to express the feeling of free, open informality and not fill your rooms with delicate frills and fragile knickknacks.

However, if yours is a conservative family, rich in tradition and genealogy, you might be quite unhappy unless your furniture and furnishings are of genuine period design and your rooms are tastefully decorated with rare old china and glass. It is only when we get the true personality picture of our family firmly fixed in our minds that we can take the first step towards making our homes more livable.

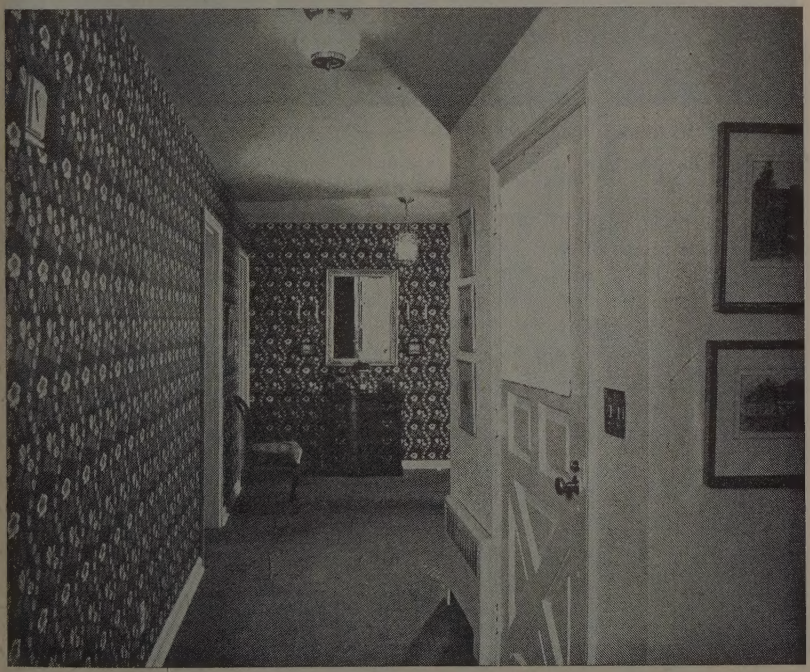
To make our homes more livable we need not make them pretentious. In fact, if our homes are to reflect us, they must definitely stay within the limits of our spending capacity. This brings us to the second principle of effective interior decorating. *Our homes must fit our budgets.* This principle was impressed upon my mind in one of the first classes I attended in interior decorating. One of my classmates was a clever, artistic girl who had a career of her own, but who had recently married a clerk in a small store. As a class assignment, she was planning her apartment, and for her bedroom she selected beautiful white velvet draperies and bedspreads. At the end of the school term we were all surprised when the instructor gave her a low grade. She had prepared a considerable amount of artistic work for the class, but the teacher explained that she had not learned one of the cardinal rules of decorating, namely, that our homes must be in keeping with our financial status.

A third important principle of effective interior decorating is *planning.* Many of today's homes, like Topsy, "just grew." I suppose that all of us, at one time or another, have bought items for our houses without any clear idea of what we were going to do with them. If we repeat this error too often we may not only undermine our budgets,

but we may build homes that lack personality and unity. Only by following a carefully conceived plan can we make sure that our home decorating develops in unity and good taste.

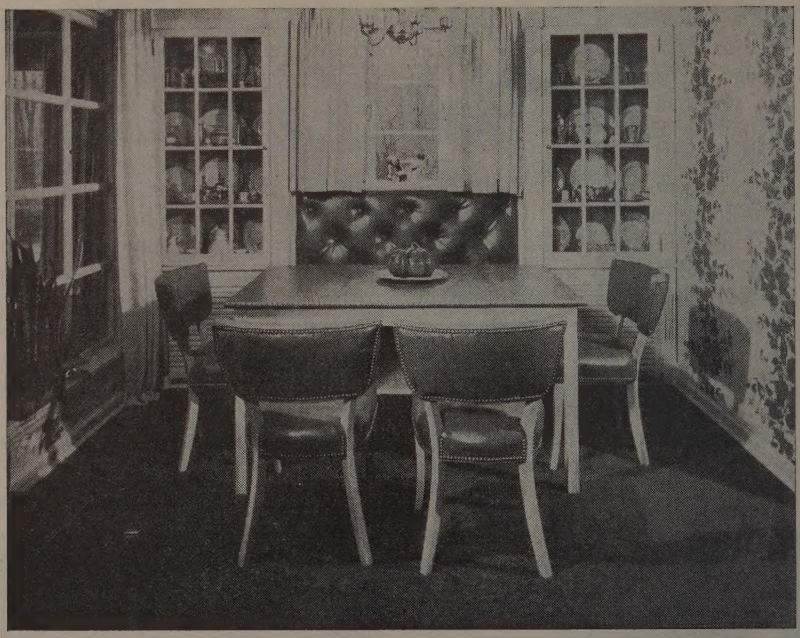
Every purchase of furniture or furnishings and every decision regarding painting, wallpaper, and color combinations should be made in accordance with a definite plan. By following such a procedure, we can avoid being sold things our homes do not need and which later we may want to discard. We can keep from being influenced by high pressure salesmanship and can avoid the mistake of buying things just because they are in style or because our friends have bought them. As a matter of fact, when the salesman tells us that "this is the latest style" or "this is what everyone is now buying," then is the time for us to be careful. We want our homes to express our personalities and to fill our needs. The fact that a particular item or color is what everyone else is buying or is the latest thing on the market is no reason for our buying it. It might be just the thing we should avoid!

I know some of you are going to say, "If we could throw out every-



Courtesy, C. H. Henders, Inc., Fairlawn, New Jersey

Wallpaper is a decorative note in this small hall. By using the same paper in the living room and in the hall they are unified.



Courtesy, C. H. Henders, Inc., Fairlawn, New Jersey

Space has been used to good advantage in this small breakfast or dining room.

thing we now have in our homes and start over, or if we could buy a new this or a new that, then we could have the kind of home we want." But, as we have said before, it is not the expenditure of large sums of money which guarantees a well-planned and well-decorated house. It's *how* we spend what money we have, and the thought and care we put into arranging and decorating that which we already have that brings the greatest satisfaction.

BECAUSE a piece of furniture is old doesn't necessarily mean it must be dull. The use of a little imagination and some good hard work can completely transform characterless furniture. If we strip off the gingerbread from some of our pieces and apply a fresh coat of paint, for example, a semi-gloss black which is used so extensively these day, we will be amazed at the new life and beauty that may be brought back to these old pieces.

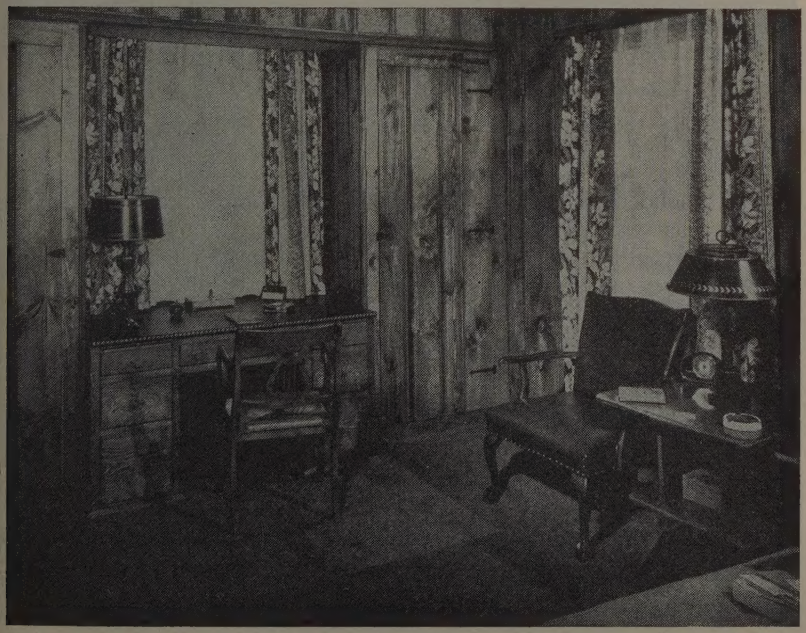
Old furniture and furnishings should not be discarded until they have been given most careful appraisal and consideration. Often, drab, uninteresting pieces, with a bit of work and imagination, can be made into things of beauty and distinction. Those of you who have rejuvenated old pieces know the thrill that comes from creating something new.

Simplicity is the fourth impor-

tant principle of effective decorating. Simplicity must be the keynote of all interior planning. Simplicity, however, is not easy to achieve. It takes a great deal of thought and planning to create a room which is comfortable, beautiful, yet simple. Comfort, beauty, and simplicity, however, are closely interdependent and interrelated. Beauty does not mean mere prettiness and ornamentation. Beauty means "that quality or combination of qualities in a thing which gives pleasure to the senses or pleasurably exalts the mind or spirit." Beauty uplifts us both mentally and spiritually and gives that quality which we learn to love rather than to tire of quickly.

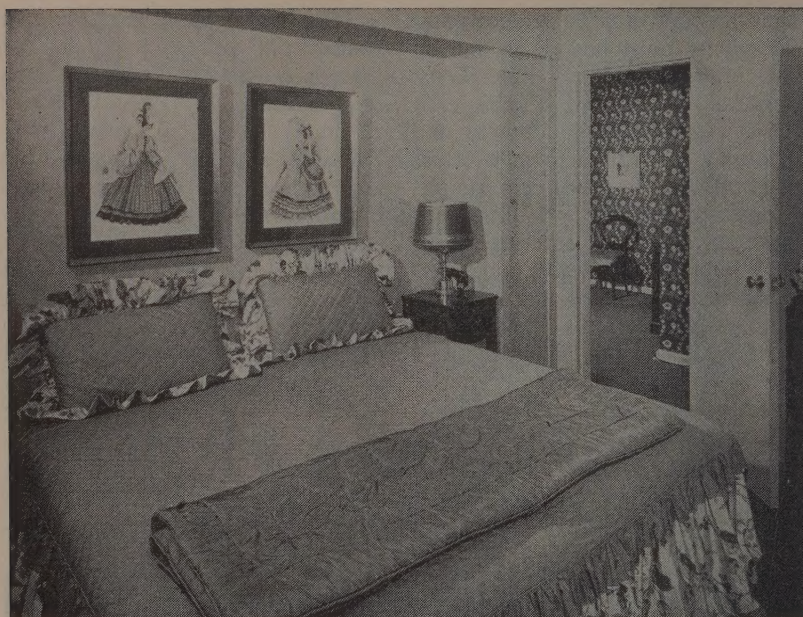
After having considered the four fundamental principles of effective interior decoration: (1) Expression of personality, (2) Appropriateness to family needs and budgets, (3) Planning, and (4) Simplicity, the next step consists in using properly the tools with which these principles can be put into effect.

Color is the first important tool we can use to give life and interest to our homes and a "lift" to those who dwell in it. Color is considered to be the number one element in decorating. It is the first thing we see and feel when we enter a room. We have all been in homes which impressed us as being beautiful. In attempting to explain them later,



Courtesy, C. H. Henders, Inc., Fairlawn, New Jersey

This attractive room, through simplicity and harmony, expresses a feeling of quiet restfulness.



Courtesy, C. H. Henders, Inc., Fairlawn, New Jersey

The proper choice and hanging of pictures in this bedroom help to add interest and unity in the decorating.

we have found ourselves unable to describe what was in them, yet we know the over-all effect to be beautiful. The proper use of color, in most cases, is the real reason for this effect of beauty. Color can change a dull home into one sparkling with personality. It can give us a feeling of peace or a sense of restlessness. When we have little money to spend, color can make up for the lack of good furniture. Color can also divert attention from bad architectural features.

Small rooms can be made to look larger by the use of light colored walls and cool shades, and by painting the wood trim the same color as the walls. Large rooms can look more compact through the use of deeper shades of warm colors, or by using wallpaper of a bold design. Sharp contrasts can be employed in large rooms. They tend to diminish size as well as add interest. High ceilings can be made to look lower if they are painted a deeper shade than the walls. By the opposite treatment, low ceilings can be made to look higher.

If a sofa or chair looks too large in a room, its size can be minimized by painting it or covering it with a color which blends into the walls. On the other hand, if we have something which we wish to emphasize, such as an interesting mantel or piece of furniture, it can be drama-

tized by the use of a sharp contrasting color.

MOST of us have good color sense but we are afraid to express our tastes. If we are to decorate interestingly, we must not be afraid of color. Color is fun and challenging to work with. It is the one tool with which we can express our individualities. A wise combination of imagination and practical application of color will add vitality to our interior decoration. It will give a feeling of zest and vigor to our homes.

Color, of course, must be used with discrimination. Too many colors in a room produce an effect of confusion. In your decorating, you should confine yourself to the use of three or four main colors and employ them in balanced proportions. For example, in a fairly large living room, you might choose a floral drapery with a gray background with shades of green and pink with yellow accents. The walls and wood trim might be in deep gray, the ceiling pink, the floor carpeted in blue gray. A sofa in this room might be in chartreuse, two chairs in deep green and one covered in the drapery material. With green lamp shades, this would be an attractive color scheme.

Courtesy, C. H. Henders, Inc., Fairlawn, New Jersey

Both a focal point of interest and a conversational grouping are created by thoughtful furniture arrangement in this room.

You might also try to unify the color in your home so that one room flows into the next. To gain this effect, you should use varying shades of your main color as touches in all the rooms and thus make your entire house a complete unit by tying all the colors together.

Here is an important suggestion. In your decorating always start with a color a few shades brighter than you ultimately want it to be. Colors have a quick way of mellowing and toning down so that within a month or six weeks these brighter shades will be exactly what you wanted and you will avoid that dull and faded look.

Just as you should avoid the use of too many colors, so you should be careful not to employ too many patterns in your room. Here again, simplicity is the keynote. Too many patterns in a room produce a confused and uneasy feeling. Three distinct patterns are all that should be used in the average small room, and one of these should be a stripe or dot.

Pictures form an important part of our decorating schemes. Good pictures, carefully selected, add color and interest to a room. They need not be expensive. They can be colorful prints clipped from magazines and appropriately mounted and framed. Pictures, however, must be chosen carefully so that they have the same basic colors as are being emphasized in the room.

Pictures look best when hung over furniture groups. They should be hung close enough to the top of the furniture so as to create a unit. Wide expanses of wall space between pictures and furniture detract from both. If you are using several small pictures, you should hang them in pairs or groups.

In decorating windows it is always wise to be generous with the materials used. This does not mean to be generous in money, but rather with yardage. Full, inexpensive, well-chosen materials are far more effective than skimpy expensive draperies. For best effect curtains should be hung full and just clear the floor.

The second tool you can employ to put good decorating principles into effect is *good room arrangement*. Homes are made inviting and comfortable through convenient arrangement of furniture pieces. We have all had the experience of entering rooms which were spotlessly clean but which left us with a feeling of confusion. We may not be sure where to sit down. Although the furniture may be placed symmetrically, the room lacks charm, individuality, and hominess. Such a room has poor furniture arrangement.

THE first step in furniture arrangement consists in selecting the spot or area which we want for the dramatic focal center of the room. For this focal center, we may wish to use the fireplace, a large window, or even a long wall. Whatever spot we select, our furniture arrangement should begin at this point.

We are all familiar with the decorating term, "conversational group." This term means exactly what it says, a group of furniture which enables the people using it to converse with each other in

comfort and friendliness. Small, as well as large rooms, can be decorated with single dramatic conversational furniture groupings. It may take a little more ingenuity and imagination, in a small room, to plan such a group, but by the use of a strong accent color on the piece we wish to dramatize and the grouping of the furniture around the focal point, we can achieve a center of interest which will attract all who enter the room. With such a grouping, our friends will not need to pause and wonder just where in the room they should go.

Another obvious point to keep in mind in furniture arrangement is that care should be taken to avoid placing pieces where they might disrupt normal flow of traffic and make it difficult for people to move around in the room. Doors and main travel lanes within a room should be kept free from furniture obstacles.

Obviously, in a short presentation of this type it is impossible to discuss all of the details and methods that are important in creating livable homes. However, the principles of personality expression, appropriateness to family need, planning, and simplicity, plus the tools of color and room arrangement, if properly followed and applied, will do much to lay the foundation upon which pleasant and satisfying home surroundings may be built.

Our homes are the focal points upon which a strong and spiritually minded society may grow. The home is so very important that even the devil himself, through the ideologies which he is now spreading throughout the world, is constantly trying to undermine it. As Latter-day Saints, we must do all in our power to preserve and promote family unity. Anything we can do to make our individual homes more charming, beautiful, and livable will help to build the family unit and enable it to grow on a more solid spiritual foundation. The home reflects the heart and spirit of those who make it. It is potentially the greatest spiritualizing force on earth today.

Mosaic

Christie Lund Coles

Mauve and bronze and crimson hills,
Lying in the sun,
Here is the mosaic
Saying summer is done;

Here is golden proof that though
Winter will be white,
There has been a harvest
For the longest night;

There has been a pattern
In stalk, in flower, in seed,
Bread and beauty mingled,
To satisfy each need.

You Can Learn

PART I

A Is for Adult—B Is for Bride

Katherine Kelly

[This is the first in a series of stories by a new author.]

THE shade of the porch felt cool and refreshing as I sat a moment on the step watching the path through the field for the approach of my sister-in-law who was coming over this afternoon to help me put the oilcloth on the kitchen wall.

I felt just a little like the man who is lord of all he surveys. My eyes traveled approvingly from the blue of the mountains that circled our little valley to the field that lay at the foot of the white clay hills. There I could see a little cloud of dust that marked the slow plod of the horses as my husband worked laying off the lucerne, so he could take the water turn at the end of the week.

My husband! The words gave me a thrill just to think them. We had been married only one short month. And yet there was something a little strange and frightening in the word, sort of faraway like the look that came into his eyes when he looked at the land the way I was doing now.

I'll just think of him as Tom, Tom with the blue, blue eyes and the kind, strong hands. Tom who loves me and is all mine.

It was true I did not have to be jealous or afraid of Tom's love of the land. It was something we shared in common. My father was a farmer, too, and I had always been his girl. I had gone with him every summer to the dry farm and he said I could handle a team better than any boy. He used to point out the wild flowers to me and together we shared the beauty of the wheat fields as they turned from green to gold. "Biscuits," we called the wheat, laughingly. Yes, I was from pioneer stock, and a love of the land was born in me.

In fact, there were a few things about this farm which might be changed for the better. All the fences and ditches where the willows and weeds grew, bothered me. I loved the clean sweep of fields that were miles long. Although, I reminded myself, we hadn't lived on the dry farm the year around, we had just camped there during the summer. So this farm would be even better—we would have our home here.

My eyes traveled on down past the intervening railroad tracks and across to the field where my imagination already saw the beets standing green and a foot high. My gaze came to rest lovingly on the trees we had planted the week before.

Tom understood that I just had to have trees and had taken time out from the spring work to help me plant them. Carolina poplars they were, like the trees by our home in

town, and they would grow tall and beautiful. Birds would build their nests in them and my dreams would live among the glistening leaves and the darker shade. Dreams that are built in stalwart trees are close to God and make you look up into the blue of the sky.

Already, in my mind's eye, those trees were tall against the sky and I came back to the present with a start. What was wrong about halfway to the top of the most precious stripling of all? In a flash I was holding the slender willow which, a few minutes before in my imagination, had become a full-grown tree. I found the bark broken and the little tree almost chewed in two. Those horses! I remembered that Tom had left them standing there a minute while he came to the house for a drink.

WHAT could I do? I would just have to bind up the wound some way or all the sap would run out and my little tree would die. I dashed into the house and found the sack of rags mother had given me. Mothers are so thoughtful. But I guess if I hadn't had any other bandage I would have torn one of my new sheets. I selected a goodly length from the rags and a piece of twine string to tie it on with. But now, what could I use for salve? What would the little tree like to heal its wound? Why, mother earth, of course. I scooped up some of the damp earth at the foot of the tree but found it was already hard, though it looked damp and it had been watered only that morning.

Dared I take just a little water out of the bucket? The tree probably needed extra water now that it was hurt and there was no time to go to the river. Yes, I told my conscience, I know how far we have to haul it, but this is an emergency.

I dashed up all three steps at a time and carried out the half-filled water bucket from the table in the corner. I poured at least two quarts of the precious water into the little hollow we had made at the foot of the tree. Then I took a handful of the wet mud and carefully plastered it over the wound and twisted the white cloth around and around both below and above the break to give the little tree support.

Just as I had tied the last knot and patted the bandage close to the tree, I heard Mary's voice. "What in the world are you doing?"

It was my sister-in-law who lived in the house next to us who had come over to help with the oilcloth. "Did you use a white cloth to be sure the bandage would be sterile?" she laughed.

That white cloth did look awfully conspicuous. But Mary was comforting, as usual, and assured me that mud was the very best thing to use when the bark of a tree had been broken.

"Poor tree hurt," comforted my newly acquired niece who was already the darling of my heart. She was just two years old.

"Aunt Cake loves you," I said, and swept her up in my arms as we reached the porch steps.

She called me "Aunt Cake," which, after all, is something kind of nice, and pretty close to Kate.

"I swiped Joe's kalsomine brush

to put the paste on with. We can clean it well afterwards, and he will never know the difference," Mary confided as we opened the screen door that was so new it squeaked.

Then I remembered my bread! I opened the oven door in a hurry, but the bread was baking beautifully and the smell was gratifying. I was really proud of that bread. I wasn't like most girls of eighteen, for, being a member of a large family at home, I had learned to cook besides cooking for the hired hands on the farm during the summers. I knew how to cook, or so I thought.

"What in the world are you going to do with all that bread?" gasped Mary.

"Why, eat it, of course," I replied, puzzled, as I looked at the eight beautiful loaves. "Why not?"

"But that will last you and Tom, just the two of you, a whole week! I never bake more than five or six loaves at a time for all my family."

Well, I'll admit I wasn't averse to not having to bake again for a week. The longer it lasted the better. But a little bell rang somewhere in my consciousness and I remembered the beautiful, fresh loaves Mary baked practically every day. And I remembered how well Tom liked fresh bread. It was lesson number one, and the first one on that long road which began with . . . "Well it's pretty good, but it's not like Mary makes."

YOU see, in my case it was changed from "like mother used to make." Tom had lived with Mary and Joe there on the farm for years and Mary was the best cook in the world. She was also the most tactful one and more than half of the recipes in my cookbook today are hers.

She was always helpful, too. Today she was helping me put oilcloth around the lower part of the kitchen wall. Oilcloth was so easy to keep clean. So we set to work with a will. We measured and cut, plastered the glue on the wall with Joe's kalsomine brush, and fitted the oilcloth in place. We smoothed the oilcloth on with a cloth and rubbed it hard to make it stick. It was fun and it looked pretty.

I had painted the woodwork white, in spite of the warning, "It will show every speck, it just isn't practical for a farm." I had made sheer white curtains for the windows, too, and stenciled bluebirds on them. At school they had said that I was artistic and I was pretty proud of myself. It wasn't every farmer who had a wife who could do that sort of thing.

Mary said, "The blue in this oilcloth just matches that in your linoleum and the bluebirds in your curtains."

I smiled happily, "Yes, in spite of Sister Rass. Did you hear her the other day when she was giving the house the once over and she said, 'Will them things wash?' "

Sister Rass was a distant (thank goodness) neighbor who grew to represent everything I didn't like about farm life. It was she who had said my white paint wasn't practical. Well, goodness knows, she was.

The bread was done before we had finished and we stopped work to eat hot bread and honey.

"May Kathy have some, or shouldn't she have hot bread yet?"

"Oh, give her some of the top crust, she loves it and, after all, she is two years old. Joe thinks she should have pie. This bread is delicious!"

"Yes, it does taste good when it's hot. I know it's not like yours, but if you could use a couple of loaves, it would help me remember not to make so many at a time. You know, at home it wouldn't have lasted too long. My two brothers could eat a loaf apiece when it was hot like this."

Just then we heard a faint "Maa-maa."

MARY jumped. "What on earth was that?"

"Just a lamb," I laughed. "Daddy brought me three more last night. This one seems sort of weak so I brought it in the house for the night. It's out on the porch in a box now. It isn't very lively, but I think it will live."

"Maybe you will get rich with your sheepherd yet. You know I don't see how people could have thought you wouldn't make a good farmer's wife."

I caught my breath. "Oh, did—did—people think I wouldn't make a good farmer's wife?"

"Well, a—a, you know how my brother Loren is, and just because his wife doesn't like the farm, he tried to tell Tom that you were so young and sort of sickly, that he should get a wife like our neighbor has. She can pitch hay like a man. He even hinted that she had a sister who wasn't married yet. Tom told him he wouldn't have Marthy if she could stack the hay." Her tone was apologetic and I knew she hadn't intended to say a word about all this, it had just slipped out.

The idea!

"Oh, but I'm not sickly, just because I'm little! I can tramp hay and I can drive the derrick horses. I often drove for my father on the dry farm. I even drove under the elevator on the header when we cut the grain!"

"Well, you know how they say a farmer's wife should have a strong back and a weak head. Dad stuck up for you. He said that if you didn't have the strong back, you didn't have the weak head either, and that you would get along."

My head was swimming and I was really angry as we finished the oilcloth and I carried Kathy back across the field for Mary. Kathy's little arms were warm and comforting; she seemed to sense that something was wrong. "Love you, Aunt Cake," she whispered.

"Now don't you worry about what I said, guess I shouldn't have said it. I know Tom wouldn't trade you for anyone else in the world."

No, Tom wouldn't trade me for anyone else in the world; he had married me in spite of all this advice. He didn't want a woman like Marthy, he wanted me! And—and I would be a good farmer's wife!

Adoption of Children

Mary L. Dillman

Former Director, Relief Society Social Service and Child Welfare Department

IN the United States, throughout the world, and throughout history, the adoption of children by foster parents, by relatives, and by friends of the parents, and by strangers, has always had its place in the life of society. During recent years in this country there has been a tremendous increase in the number of adoptions carried on through the courts. Adoption has taken on a new importance in the welfare of children.

The reasons for adopting a child are many and varied, and sometimes they are not clearly recognized by the prospective adoptive parents. Motives are often a mixture of emotions, conscious planning, self-interest, and altruism. The basic reason underlying many adoptions is that bringing a child into the home will make a richer and fuller life for both the parents and the child. There are persons who wish to have an heir to carry on their names or to carry on their special activities, or who wish to have someone to rely upon in later years; others feel the need of an interest in life or crave the satisfaction of expending their emotions on a child. Interest in a particular child or a child of a relative is another reason for adoption.

Persons who wish to adopt a child should recognize their own motives and the possible effect of these motives upon the child. Consider, for example, those parents who desire a child to take the place of one they have lost. Their expectation that the child will resemble their own in personality may lead to unfortunate comparisons between the two children. Parents who cannot have another child of their own may wish, through adoption, to provide companionship for an only child. Adoption should never take place unless the child is more than a means of meeting the needs of the adoptive parents. A child is a person; he has needs of his own, and he has rights.

In order to safeguard the welfare of the child, the rights of the natural parents, and the security of the adoptive parents, social agencies are set up and authorized by law to handle adoption.

The legally authorized agency endeavors to set up every precaution to insure the welfare of the child. Adoptive parents are carefully selected and children are not placed in their homes until a complete investigation has been made, consisting of a visit to the adoptive parent's home, checking references, a doctor's statement, and a discussion of the motives and desires of adoption.

Generally, agencies do not place infants in homes where the parents are over the average, natural, childbearing age, usually forty years of age. Experience has revealed that adoptions of infants in homes where the husband and wife are over forty are not as successful as where the

couple is younger. Religious backgrounds are considered, and attempts are made to match, as nearly as possible, the physical characteristics and racial descent of the adoptive parents and the child. Agencies give consideration to the financial ability of a family to provide for the needs of a child. It is important that the standards of living in the home reflect an understanding of all the conditions that will affect the child's health—good diet, satisfactory sleeping conditions, proper medical care. The physical condition of the parents should be sound, and there should be no danger of the child contracting diseases from them. The greatest need of every child is for a home in which there is a normal mother and father relationship, and in which he may have the benefit of a real family life with its background of affection and understanding of childhood and its problems, behavior, joys, woes, and doubts. Every attempt is made by the agency to select mature, stable individuals capable of meeting the needs of a child.

CHILDREN placed for adoption come from many sources. They may be children from broken homes, either by death or serious illness of one parent, divorce, desertion, indifference, or lack of willingness to accept responsibility. Some of the children placed by agencies are children of unmarried mothers. Such a mother may place her child for adoption because of her youth, her inability to provide financially for him, or fear that both she and her child will become social outcasts. Agencies assist the unmarried mother to work out a satisfactory solution to her problem, either by helping her to keep her child and face the community pressures, or by placing her child for adoption.

Most children who are placed in institutions or who are being cared for by agencies in foster homes cannot be adopted. They have parents or relatives who are not willing to give them up. As a rule, courts do not feel they can end the rights of parents who do not want to give up their children. Unless these rights are ended, agencies cannot place such children for adoption. Agencies are reluctant to place a child who has parents or relatives who may be able to take care of him. Often children removed from their homes because of neglect still have strong ties with their parents or with their brothers and sisters. It may be best for them to hold onto these ties. Some children are like plants, they can't be moved from place to place. When you uproot them they are unable to fix themselves in a new soil.

The waiting lists for children in agencies are long. The number of persons who seek to adopt a child is far greater than the number of children who can be adopted. Even after an agency accepts a home as good for a child, it may be months or years before a child can be placed in it.

Doctors, lawyers, friends, and relatives too often by-pass the agency in placement of children and, hence, many children who should go through an agency in placement never reach it. Heartache and uncertainty for the adoptive parents often result from the independent

placement where no knowledge of the child's background or his physical or mental capacity is available. Take, for example, the tragic story of one couple who chose the easy black market way to adoption. This couple were physically unable to have children of their own. They heard of a person from whom, for a fee, they could receive a child for adoption. The couple contacted the person, paid their money, and received a beautiful baby. For a time they were extremely happy, but several months later they discovered a serious heart condition which medical science could not cure. The child died, and the adoptive parents were far more lonely than they were before receiving the child. An experience such as this could have been avoided if this couple had worked through a licensed adoption agency.

ADOPTION is a legal process and is, therefore, controlled by laws and procedures that are intended to protect both the prospective parents and the child. The adoption laws of many states recognize the importance of delaying the final adoption for a long enough period to satisfy the court that the adjustment is a happy one. It is frequently impossible to judge the mental capacity of a young infant, and this period, before final adoption, affords an opportunity for the child to be studied and for the adoptive parents to have reasonable assurance of his normal development. The laws of a number of states require that the child remain in the adoptive home for six months or a year before the adoption is made final. Agencies of recognized standing, even in states that have no such legal provision, require such a trial period; and many of them advise that the final adoption be delayed until the child has been in the home for one or two years. Moreover, if the adoptive parents have the assistance and advice of such an agency during this period, the progress and development of the child can be studied; and if situations of an undesirable nature arise, the adoption plans can be terminated.

The law in Utah, as in many other states, prohibits placement of children for adoption outside the State. Therefore agencies in Utah are unable to place children in homes for adoption outside of the State.

Operating under the direction of the Relief Society General Board Association in Salt Lake City, is an agency licensed for the purpose of placement of children for adoption and foster-home care in the State of Utah only.

The general policies and procedures for this agency are the same as those previously pointed out for all adoption agencies, with the exception of the eligibility requirements of religion. In order for a couple to be considered eligible to receive a child for adoption, they must be active Latter-day Saints, observing and adhering to the standards of the Church.

Staffed by professional personnel trained to handle the problems of adoption, sound adoption principles are practiced and every attempt is made to meet the needs of the child, the real mother, and the adoptive parents.

Tempered

Part II

Gladys I. Hamilton

Synopsis of Part I: Garnet Blendall comes to a Colorado ranch from her home in the Deep South, hoping to make her young husband happy and to adjust to the ideas and home life of his elderly parents. After several months she feels that she has been a failure and plans to leave the ranch while her husband and his father are away on business.

BY morning the landscape, what could be seen of it through the driving snow, was eerie and unending; the storm gave no promise of ceasing. Two strands of the four-wire fence surrounding the house were covered. At times the snow fell with such density that the fence, a few yards away, could not be seen. For years after, the natives were to refer to this storm as "the *big* snow."

Even if Smith was at the barns doing the chores, Garnet couldn't see him. It was like looking into a wall of feathers when she tried to see out. The phone rang.

"Mother," Garnet relayed the message, "Smith is ill. His wife says that he had severe chills all night, but will try to come up later. . . ."

Mrs. Blendall's stony look rebuked Garnet as she hung up the receiver. Mickey would be out there caring for the stock. Mickey would know what to do!

But all Garnet could do was to pace the floor and watch in vain for Smith.

The whole day passed and Smith did not come. The cows weren't fed or milked. The old hens cackled dismally as they sat on their perches and peered foolishly around in the darkened houses. It was still snowing steadily when night closed in early and blotted out any possible vision of the trail or barns.

Garnet cranked the handle of the phone briskly to call Smith, but the phone was lifeless, like an inert body in her hand. She rushed frantically to the older woman. "I can't get Smith's! They don't answer! The phone sounds dead!"

Mrs. Blendall rolled herself closer to the fire, her great eyes dark and brooding. "I'm not surprised," was all she answered.

During the night the wind would lull, only to gather new strength for another shrieking gale. Fine snow sifted in around the window frames and filled the corners of the sills with little heaps. The snow outside was nearly three feet deep. Garnet slept scarcely at all that night. She shuddered with fear as well as loneliness in her big bed. Rain and floods she understood, but not western blizzards.

The mother cow called incessantly for her calf. The night seemed years long as Garnet's heart beat time with the clock in the darkness, millions of ticks and frightened beats, she thought. No movement nor restless sound came from the stoic farm woman in the front bedroom.

By the second morning, the wind had died to a whisper. Milling clouds separated slightly to reveal

tiny patches of glorious blue sky. By ten o'clock, Smith had still not arrived. The half-mile-long path to his house lay smoothly unbroken. Farm buildings, corrals, sheds, and chicken houses were but half visible and strangely unfamiliar. Only the big barn raised its broad head above the white sea of snow.

Garnet's head buzzed with worries. She couldn't meet the steady questioning glance of her mother-in-law. Mickey Donaldson would have handled a situation of this kind with never a worry! Mickey, with her capable hands, and the strength of a man.

And her father-in-law's cyclonic temper would be heard as far away as Kansas, Garnet reflected, because his precious old cows had been neglected.

Poor things! They were cold and hungry. Little Wobbly-legs was still crying, but getting weaker all the time, penned away from her mother. Poor baby!

"I can't let them starve!" she sobbed against the window curtain, "or freeze . . ."

OUT on the back porch, Garnet measured the distance with her eyes through that three feet of wet snow barrier to the barn. She could never wade it, and it was too soft to hold her slight weight. Could she shovel a path that far? Well . . . . she could try! If she were made of the right sort of stuff she could do anything! That is, if Dad Blendall's favorite expression proved true.

"A blade that's properly tempered, won't break!" she had heard him say time and again.

She rummaged in the closet for warm clothing and began to pull it on.

"Where are you going?" Mother Blendall asked sharply.

"The barn. I . . . . I can't let that baby calf starve, it's crying so pitifully . . . and those poor bewildered chickens! I'm going to try to get to the barn."

Did she detect a glint of approval in those old eyes? She wasn't sure. However, her only thought now was to help the animals.

"Well . . . be careful . . . girl," Mrs. Blendall said unexpectedly, and her tone was almost tender.

Garnet worked with methodical movements, so as not to tire herself too rapidly. She raised shovelful after shovelful of snow and emptied it along her path's rim like the fluted crust of a pie, but the shovel was about as effective as a teaspoon in that vast ocean of snow, and it taxed her strength to lift even its small weight after a time. It seemed that she moved at a snail's pace.

Slower and slower, as time went on, the shovel lifted and emptied, lifted and emptied . . . . She had to rest more often now, and her breath came in little gasps. A tearing, gnawing pain tortured her side. Her back ached unmercifully and her toes tingled. The soft palms of her hands in Lee's huge gloves stung and burned. And she seemed as far away from her goal as ever!

Tears of exasperation ran down her frost-kissed cheeks, and she was fast losing her brave determination. What was the use?

Another hour passed. She could hardly drag one numb foot after the other. Clumsily shod in Lee's

overshoes, one foot slipped suddenly under her, throwing her down on her hands and knees between the sculptured walls of her snow trail. Tears of exhaustion trickled down her cold face. This was the hardest work she had ever done in all her twenty years of life.

Dad Blendall's right! she thought. I *am* a weakling! Why . . . . why a baby doll could do better than I'm doing, and . . . and what's worse, I don't care! Violently, she flung the shovel away from her, scrambled to her feet, and started toward the house as fast as her punished muscles would take her. Her teeth were clamped together so hard that her jaws ached.

Little Wobbly-legs cried weakly, and the mother cow answered with three loud moos of supplication to Garnet as she tramped angrily along the path. Garnet paused. Poor brutes! Locked up in men's contrivances so that they were helpless to defend or protect themselves. Garnet went on, but the crunch of her feet in the wet snow seemed to repeat, The . . . right . . . metal . . . *won't . . . break* . . . .

SHE turned wearily, and retraced her steps. She would try again, for Wobbly-legs, but the sun was already starting downward on its short, afternoon journey.

Her back seemed grown into an arch of pain; her knees were damp and chapped, her feet sodden. Again she fell into a feather bed of snow. Such comfort! Her tired muscles relaxed. She closed her eyes and all but lost consciousness. Rest, blessed, wonderful relief. Why move, ever again? Just go to sleep . . . . sleep, and never wake up . . . .

A feeble pounding in her brain said, "No! Get up! You are needed!" Wobbly-legs needed her. Mother Blendall needed her. And Lee *loved* her. She *had* to get up. Father Blendall had said, "Take *care of those cows!*"

What if she had been pushed aside each time she tried to accomplish some difficult task, because Dad Blendall could do it quicker, or Lee, or . . . or Mickey. But they weren't here now! Only she was here to do it. Mother Blendall was helpless without her. The high-testing cows, with their flaming udders, needed her. And little Wobbly-legs . . . .

With a stupendous effort, Garnet got painfully and stiffly to her feet and, in a stupor of misery, finished the path, just as the hazy, half-covered winter sun kissed the mountain peaks farewell for the day.

The big barn was odorous of hay and animals, but it was heaven, this goal which she had struggled so painfully to gain. Now to milk!

She had never so much as touched these cows before, or any others for that matter; but she had followed Lee on his round of chores each night, and she knew how it was done. Happy, intimate times, they were, away from the scrutiny of his parents. Sweet, carefree moments in the out-of-doors, stolen kisses and foolish banter. Her sudden recollection almost overwhelmed her, so she set to work.

First, she fed the chickens, then, knowing that Buttercup would tax her strength to its utmost, she turned the job of milking over to the impatient Wobbly-legs. The calf's

happy antics made her smile in spite of herself. The happy way it beat its sides like a drum with its white-tipped tail, as it nursed contentedly, was amusing to Garnet.

"Thanks, Wobbly-legs, that's a job done expertly, I'd say!" But old Chub had no baby to take her milk, so it was strictly up to Garnet to relieve her.

"Whoo, Chub . . . . nice cow!" Gingerly, she sat down on the three-legged stool, placed a bucket between her knees as she had seen Lee do, and began her task, her sweet red lips set in a straight determined line. Five minutes elapsed before she could even aim the stream of milk toward the bucket. It went everywhere else! The cow's bag was tight and unwieldly at first, but after a time she made more progress.

If her arms had ached before, it was as nothing compared to the shooting, cramping pain that gripped her wrists now. It seemed so easy when Lee did it! Her knees trembled from nervous exhaustion, and the pail of milk jiggled and almost spilled under the patient cow.

AT last she was done! But before she could raise herself from the stool, old Chub innocently stepped back and put her sharp hoof squarely on Garnet's numb, half-frozen foot. It was the last straw on her pile of miseries. She pushed the animal violently aside and rolled off the stool onto the straw-covered floor with a sob, too weary to care where she lay.

When, finally, Dad Blendall's precious cows were bedded down for the night, Garnet limped to the house with what was left of her pail of milk. The house was dark and silent. Mother Blendall spoke from the shadows of the living room, "I was worried about you, daughter."

"Mother!" Garnet cried, and dropped to her knees beside the wheel chair. Lee's mother had called her *daughter!* Her tears of happiness and fatigue wet the veined hands of the invalid. Her overshoes made little puddles of water on the hardwood floor, and her knees, in the old overalls, printed a wet pattern by the chair.

"I . . . . I didn't do so well, but I got there! Anyhow, they are all fed and warm. I . . . . I hope Dad will overlook it if I haven't done it quite as well as Smith would have."

Mrs. Blendall picked up her knitting. "You are a good girl, Garnet."

The next day things went better in spite of Garnet's protesting muscles and an aching back. And that evening, Smith, pale and wan, struggled up the trail to do the chores.

"I was so sick," he explained, "I was clean out of my head."

"You go right back home to bed!" Garnet ordered. "I can manage things here now. You take care of yourself. But . . . but could your wife come up tomorrow and sit with Mother Blendall while you take me and my luggage to the bus? Father and Lee will be home tomorrow night."

Smith looked puzzled. "Sure, I guess so. You going home for a visit?"

Garnet's throat tightened. "Yes, . . . I guess you could call it that."

SHE was a long time doing the chores that night. It was dark in the barn and she hung the lantern on a crossbeam so she could finish her work. She fed the chickens and gave the cows an extra portion as a farewell supper. It was a solemn rite as she measured the grain for old Chub and Buttercup. She had earned her right to live happily at Wheatlands, and she didn't want to leave. She knew that she could learn to be every bit as capable as Mickey if they'd just have a little patience with her.

Down on her knees, with her arms around Wobbly-leg's neck, she whispered a silly little farewell to the calf. Her tears fell unchecked.

The door opened suddenly with an angry screech of cold hinges and old Grant stood framed in the door, Lee behind him. Then the older man was pushed aside and Lee had her in his arms.

"Are you hurt, honey? Are you all right?" Lee kept asking as his eyes devoured her.

"Drat Smith, anyhow!" old Grant sputtered. "He had no business gettin' sick! This's no kind of work for you, daughter!"

The word slipped out as easily as though he'd been saying it for years. He didn't even notice that he'd said it!

"But . . . but I thought you wouldn't be home . . . ." Garnet tried to say.

Lee explained, "We came back a day earlier because of the storm. Had a bad time getting here, too."

"We stopped by the house," old Grant said, patting her shoulder awkwardly, "saw Mother and Smith, too." There was something like tenderness in his eyes as he said, "They both told us how hard you'd worked. Now get in the house and get your wet things off or you'll have pneumony!" His tones were gruff, but his eyes held admiration.

And Lee's eyes were saying things, too! Sweet, lover-like things, then a frown overshadowed them. "Why were you going away? Smith said that you were going on a visit."

Garnet hid her eyes against his shoulder and could not answer immediately.

Old Grant spoke first. "Why, sure, boy, take her down home for a little visit—*all* brides like to go home! But don't stay too long, girl, we need you here where you belong!"

For old Grant, that was a lengthy speech. Garnet leaned heavily in Lee's arms. Now, they'd never have to know just how long she had planned to stay! And in just a little while, as soon as she was positive, she had something better to tell them. Her eyes were shining through her tears as she kissed her father-in-law.

Just Naturally

Iris W. Schow

The daggers of the rain are sheathed;
The sky is one wide smile of cheer;
So reconciliation brings
A heightened, cozy atmosphere.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, October 1, and October 15, 1889

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE DOZEN GREATEST POETS: Perhaps I may be permitted to recapitulate the list of a dozen English poets whom I ventured to quote as the manifest immortals of our British Parnassus. They are Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Keats, Shelley. It will be noticed that there are thirteen names here, and my reviewers have not failed to remind me that it is notoriously difficult to count the stars. The fact is that Gray, the real thirteenth, was an afterthought, and I will admit that, although Gray is the author of what is perhaps the most imposing single short poem in the language, and although he has charm, skill and distinction to a marvelous degree, his originality, his force of production, were so rigidly limited that he may scarcely be admitted to the first rank.—Exchange

SEPTEMBER

At eve cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes in purple turning,
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

Ah! soon on field and hill
The winds shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,
To fly from frost and snow,
To seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

—Selected

A HAPPY OCCASION: At the residence of Mrs. Libbie R. Pratt in the 17th Ward, in this city there was a joyful meeting of Sisters in the faith and fellowship, to celebrate the birthday anniversary of the venerable mother in Israel, Mrs. Sarah D. Rich, widow of the late Apostle Charles C. Rich, who on that day reached the age of 75 years. Her daughter Sarah Jane Miller was present and also Ben Rich from Ogden, and Mrs. Pratt at whose residence the party met is also a daughter of the respected lady in whose honor they had convened together. Sister Rich has been a member of the Church 54 years and is the last one of her father's family remaining. She was recommended four times by different persons to be the wife of Apostle Rich before they saw each other, and became engaged to him by correspondence.

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, St. George, Utah: Mrs. Anna Woodbury, counselor to Pres. Ivins, St. George Stake, spoke of the scattered condition of the Relief Society and the long distances the sisters must travel to visit branch organizations and the difficulties to be encountered in going to the farthest places. Yet they made a practice of visiting all around once a year. She felt to shed tears of joy when young men would rise up and bear testimony of the truth of the Latter-day work; felt much interested in the young people, spoke of the silk culture and what had been accomplished by the sisters there.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THIS year women are making international and national history.

VIJAYA LAKSHMI PANDIT, forty-eight, representing her native India, has become the first woman ambassador to the United States. A sister of Jawaharlal Nehru, India's Prime Minister, able Madame Pandit has beauty, dignity, and calmness, yet, withal, strong convictions and an apt tongue to voice them. In 1946 she headed India's delegation to the United Nations. In 1947 she became India's first ambassador to Russia. Her charming nineteen-year-old daughter is her secretary. Madame Pandit is a widow.

MRS. PERLE MESTA, a widow, considered political Washington's number-one hostess, has been named United States Minister to Luxembourg. Dark-haired and dark-eyed, Mrs. Mesta was born in Oklahoma and is heiress to a fortune in oil and another fortune in steel.

GEORGIA NEESE CLARK, forty-nine, of Richland, Kansas, is the new Treasurer of the United States. Her signature will now be on all United States currency. Versatile Mrs. Clark, a college graduate, has been in turn an actress, a farmer, owner of a general store, operator of a grain elevator, and for the past twelve years president of the State Bank of Richland. She was divorced a few years ago and has no children.

LUCILE PETRY, of Lewisburg, Ohio, last June became the first woman assistant surgeon general in United States history. Miss Petry, former assistant director of the University of Minnesota School of Nursing, and instructor at Johns Hopkins and Yale University Schools of Nursing, became director of the United States Cadet Nurse Corps in 1943. In 1945 she was nurse director of the Public Health Service—a rank comparable to that of an army colonel.

MARBA CANNON JOSEPHSON'S book, *A Thumbnail Sketch of Mormonism,* is proving an excellent seller. With brevity, yet in a clear and pleasing manner, Mrs. Josephson explains many of the beliefs and practices of the Latter-day Saints. The book is serving a particularly useful purpose among missionaries and tourists.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 36 OCTOBER 1949 NO. 10

"The Best of Friends"

"A good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and forever."
—Martin Farquhar Tupper

IT may often be noted that two children who have grown to maturity side by side, whose parents have earned comparable incomes, and who, to all appearances, have had equal opportunities, still may differ widely in the richness and variety of their backgrounds.

These two children moreover may sit for years in the same classrooms exposed to the same training and yet, in some subjects, one may reveal a broader understanding and keener perception of the implications of the written word than the other.

A careful appraisal of the two homes would probably indicate the reason. While the one home might contain a bookcase full of beautifully bound sets of books, the only reading material to be found throughout the rest of the house might consist of current magazines and the latest books of only passing interest. The second home, on the other hand, might not possess beautifully bound books, but one would find bookcases in nearly every room in the house containing books suited to the age of the different family members, from picture books for the youngest child to great masterpieces for the older members of the family.

A friend once asked another, "How is it that your children know all about the Roman and Greek gods and goddesses and heroes? Mine are having a struggle to learn about them in school." "Why," the mother explained, "I used to read them myths when they were small and as they grew older I bought them Bullfinch's *Age of Fables* and the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. They love those stories." "Oh," her friend replied rather blankly, "I see. To tell you the truth, I have never read those books myself."

When parents are lovers of books and great readers, they usually hand down the same interest to their children. One young girl who had always been a scholar and an avid reader decided that when she had children she would try to purchase one book a month for each child. She was delighted to find among her wedding gifts a thick volume dealing in detail with children's books, with a different chapter for each age group. At intervals for many years, the young wife and mother studied the book. When financial conditions did not allow for the purchase of a book every month for every child, she gave preference to keeping on building a library for the oldest one, since the younger ones had access to the books purchased in previous years.

Birthdays, Christmases and childish illnesses also provided opportunity for additional gift books. In this way the children had "measle" books, "tonsilectomy" books, etc. It was well that the mother would go to make her purchases armed with a list of desired books, for, too often, a clerk was most interested in selling a book just off the press when the mother preferred to buy a book which had stood the test of time with many children.

The children's most treasured books were their own books of scripture with their names embossed in gold upon the leather covers. These they used all through seminary and Sunday School, proud in their ownership. Over the years each child of this family became a well-read individual.

With the many amusements offered young people these days—movies, radio, television, and the great number of school activities which they engage in—it is all too easy to find children neglecting to read choice books.

Parents who read to their children and unobtrusively guide their reading habits by generously providing appropriate books, introduce them into a wonderful world wherein they may always find "the best of friends." Building an individual library for each child is a worthwhile project for any family. Then, as each child marries, he will carry with him to his new home the treasured volumes, which reflect his own growth in reading experiences, to form the nucleus of his own family library through which, in future years, he and his family may find lasting enjoyment and companionship at their own hearthstone.

M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society Handbook Obtainable Only at the Office of the General Board

The Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society, is available only at the office of the General Board of Relief Society, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, price 60 cents each, postpaid. This handbook contains official instructions on Relief Society policies and procedures. It includes a detailed index for ready reference. It will be invaluable to stake, ward, mission, and branch officers, class leaders, and visiting teachers.

The Interest and Beauty of Fruit

Mary Grant Judd
Member, Relief Society General Board

[This is the sixth in a series of short articles on table decorations, flower arrangements, and related subjects. In the coming months Sister Judd will present other suggestions suitable to particular seasons.—Ed.]

WHO was it said that "Variety is the spice of life?" No matter, for though the statement has been so often repeated as to become almost trite, it is still axiomatic.

What a marvelous example nature sets in the interest she gives us through variety. As I write I am at my cabin at Brighton, in Big Cottonwood Canyon, Utah, sitting on the porch enjoying the early morning sunshine. And I'm thinking: how wonderful that there are never two of those tall pine trees just alike; never two slippery rocks, in the dashing creek down there at the foot of the hill, which duplicate each other; and never two of those great billowy cloud masses in exactly the same form.

I'm thinking especially this morning of the limitless variety one finds in the colors, contours, and textures, as well as flavors, of fruits and vegetables. (The latter, with their decorative possibilities, will be discussed next month). It is as if Mother Nature tries to intrigue our imaginations as she tempts our appetites with her myriad products. Does a peach produce fuzz on the surface, I'm wondering, because a peach skin is thin? Then what about an apricot? Why is a watermelon smooth on the outside while its cousin, the cantaloupe, is rough?

Parenthetically, I'd like to pass on a bit from William Jennings Bryan, showing that he used his imagination as he contemplated a watermelon. He said that while eating a piece of this thirst-quenching fruit, he was struck with the miracle of its beauty. He weighed some of the seeds and found that it would require several thousand to make a pound and yet he had been eating a melon weighing in the neighborhood of thirty pounds. One of these watermelon seeds put into the ground and surrounded by favorable conditions "takes off its coat and goes to work." From somewhere the seed gathers over a hundred thousand times its own weight and constructs a watermelon. "It ornaments the outside with a covering of green; inside the green it puts a layer of white, and within the white a core of red, and all through the red it scatters seeds, each one capable of continuing the work of reproduction." In conclusion, Mr. Byran asks: "Where does it get its tremendous strength? Where does it find its coloring matter? How does it collect its flavoring extract?"

Considering the great amount of interest, as well as beauty, that fruit holds, it is no wonder that many of us love an arrangement of fruit, for a change, as a table decoration. Most people prefer a combination of several fruits, but the beautiful simplicity of one variety—such as grapes—can be very striking.

In our illustration, green seed-

less grapes spill out of an antique brass container and are wired to the base of the container as well as to the brass candlesticks which flank it. White candles look well in this arrangement, or you may care to use yellow, to tie in with the brass, or green to harmonize with the grapes.

Sometimes fruit and flowers are combined to good effect. Many of our readers may have seen, at a recent general board reception at conference time, a combination of bronze chysanthemums and leafy branches loaded with small apples. (Yes, the apples were real. I pinched one myself to find out!) Some fruits are more intriguing when cut. A few crescents of luscious cantaloupe look well when placed with other fruits. And while the deep red of the rind of a pomegranate adds color to any fruit basket, it cannot compare with the interest of this somewhat rare fruit when it is halved to show its tiny red globules lying so symmetrically in individual sections. A delicious ripe pineapple when halved lengthwise with the interesting leaves left on, makes an exotic addition to any fruit centerpiece (and did you know that a pineapple is just right for eating when a slight tug at one of the leaves will easily detach it?).

I urge you to use imagination in serving fruit as a first course. I'm afraid it is often too easy to pick up the faithful can opener and open a can of fruit cocktail. If you must do this, please add fresh fruits in season, such as sliced strawberries, pitted cherries, either light or dark, raspberries, or melon balls.

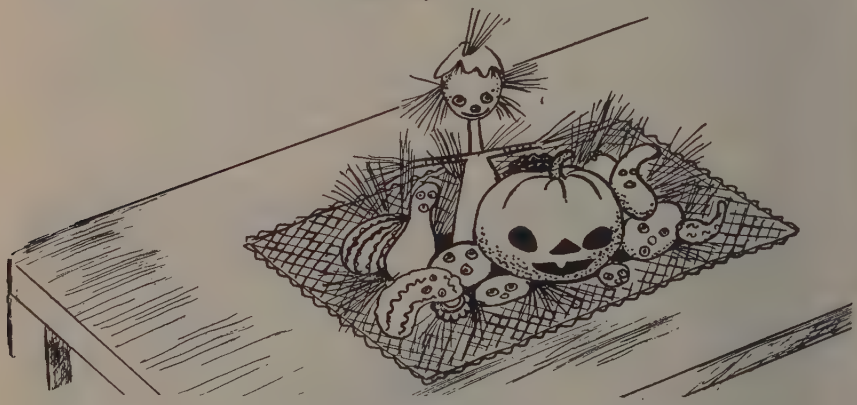
Simmons Photo Art Studio

Arrangement, Courtesy Florence Williams, West Ensign Ward, Ensign Stake

AN ATTRACTIVE ARRANGEMENT OF GRAPES AND CANDLES

But, if you really care about your reputation as a good cook and hostess, make your own combinations. At the risk of being accused of stepping into other territory than my particular subject covers, I'm going to tell you how I like to make fruit cup. I always use as a base my own pureed apricot juice which I combine with equal parts of canned grapefruit juice. Add a small amount of fresh orange juice, also. You will need to add some sugar, depending on the tartness of the fruit you are using. Combine almost any fresh fruits—it is almost impossible to go wrong. From early spring until late fall I always pick four or five long pieces of spearmint from the garden and tuck them well down into the bottle of fruit cup which is placed in the refrigerator at least two hours before it is served. Just before taking it to the table, add some ice cubes and, when they have melted, remove the mint and squeeze what juice you can extract into the fruit cup. Garnish with a sprig of fresh mint.

Doesn't it make your mouth water?



A Halloween Spook Table

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustration by Elizabeth Williamson

FOR a Halloween centerpiece that's fun, assemble a group of grotesquely shaped vegetables and fruits—green peppers, goose-necked squash, eggplants, pomegranates, apples, lemons, oranges, osage oranges—the possibilities are infinite—and deck them out with funny faces.

Gummed notebook reinforcements, left white, or inked black, for making the eyes, are an easy medium to use. Cloves are handy, and crepe paper for hair.

With a little straw sticking out here and there, you will have some really seedy-looking characters to group, leering, in the center of your Halloween table.

Suggestions for a Work Meeting Luncheon

Christine Eaton

SPANISH RICE

(For 35-40 people)

21 cups cooked rice (about 2½ lbs.)
6 onions
12 cups tomatoes or tomato juice
1 lb. bacon cut in small pieces
salt and pepper to taste
buttered bread crumbs

Fry the bacon and onions until light brown and mix them with the cooked rice and tomatoes. Place in baking dishes or old-fashioned bread pans about 2½ inches deep. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and brown in oven about 30 minutes at 350° F.

ICE-BOX ROLLS

(Makes 36 rolls)

¾ cup Crisco
1 tsp. salt
1 cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
2 eggs
1 cup lukewarm water
6 cups flour
2 yeast cakes

Mix the shortening and salt in boiling water and let stand until lukewarm. Add sugar, beaten eggs, and lukewarm water which has been standing for 5 minutes with yeast cakes in it. Add flour, mix well, and place in greased bowl. Cover with wax paper. Store in ice box until thoroughly chilled. When rolls are desired pinch off bits of dough and shape into rolls as desired. Place them in a pan in a warm place. Cover with cloth and let rise until double in size. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven (450° F.).

SEED COOKIES

(About 50 cookies)

1 cup shortening
2 cups sugar
2 eggs
½ cup water
2 level tbsp. caraway seeds
3 cups flour
½ tsp. salt
2 tsp. baking powder

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add well-beaten eggs and water. Sift together the flour, salt, and baking powder and add to first mixture, then add the caraway seeds. Roll out thin on a floured board and cut into rounds. Place on greased cookie sheet. Bake about ten minutes in moderate oven (325°).

HOUSEHOLD HINT

Many of the ladies have asked me how I keep my rice from sticking together. Here is all I do:

I wash the rice three or more times, then I put it in boiling water, about 2 quarts of water to a cup of rice. I stir it once to get the rice from the bottom of the kettle, then I boil it without stirring the rest of the time. When the rice is done I put it in a colander and let cold water run through the grains. If you are serving the rice plain, put it in the oven to heat and to take out the rest of the moisture.

Crocheting Is Her Hobby

Elizabeth C. Jensen, Ogden, Utah, has so much to do that she cannot find time to grow old.

Elizabeth C. Jensen, age seventy-nine, spends much of her time crocheting bedspreads, tablecloths, edgings for pillowslips, and many beautiful articles. Her work is exquisitely done, and each completed article is a masterpiece of handicraft. Recently, in addition to her crocheting, Mrs. Jensen pieced an all-wool quilt top. When the quilt was finished, she sold it for $30 and sent the money to a grandson, serving in the Northern States Mission. Mrs. Jensen has served Relief Society for sixty years.

A Sidewalk Sketch

Elaine Swain

I saw them walking down the street—her hand
Was gently held in his—a whitish strand
Of hair whipped from her net to brush his cheek.
Quickly, he turned his head. They did not speak—
But smiled. She was so plain and poorly dressed,
So drab and nondescript, she seemed possessed
Of not one outward charm. He was a man
Of gaunt design and homely. Yet, could I scan
The world, I should not find more beauty bared
Than that I found between the smiles they shared.

Joanna

Margery S. Stewart

Chapter 10

Synopsis: Joanna, widowed when her children were small, courageously works into a profitable business selling Boston-baked beans and bakery goods. Her neighbor, Abigail Smith, as a partner, gives much hard work and good advice. Joanna, placing the welfare of her children first, buys a comfortable home from Kent Taylor, a writer, acting temporarily as a real estate agent. In order to attend a P.T.A. meeting, Joanna breaks a date with Kent and he leaves town. Joanna and Abigail open a number of new shops and Joanna finds her life enriched with many new friends and the abiding love of her children. Kent Taylor returns from an assignment in Europe and asks Joanna to marry him. In order to become Kent's wife, Joanna plans to leave her children in Abigail's care for six months while Kent will be stationed in New York. Just before the wedding, however, Joanna decides that she cannot leave her children, especially while Penny is going out with a young man of questionable character.

JOANNA went down to the train that would take Kent away. She had intended to go speak to him, wish him well. But when she saw the crowd around him, she put aside the desire. She could not bear to say her farewells before their curious eyes. Kent looked thinner; he was carrying his hat and his bright hair was like a banner in the drab gray and black of pavement and trains and tracks. Joanna stood on the outskirts of a group of people seeing a girl off to school. She watched Kent shake hands with his friends. His sister was a tall, gray-haired woman, who dabbed at her eyes. Kent kissed her and said something in his slow, teasing way. Joanna turned away. Rebellion seized her. It was like closing a door on rich, vivid beauty, on laughter, and adventure and tenderness. For a wild, anguished moment she thought she must go to him, push aside the people and cry out his name, and be held in peace against him. She wet her dry lips and went away.

Abigail met her at the door. She had been crying.

Joanna paused. "What is it? One of the children?"

Abigail shook her head. "It's you. Come in by the fire and let me bring you something to drink. You've looked like death for the past few days."

Joanna asked, "Where is Penny?"

Abigail smiled. "Not with that Tom . . . you'll be glad to know. She's down arranging for those music lessons you promised her. Mothers have been phoning."

"Mothers?"

"Penny's friends. Their mothers want to thank you for breakin' the ice. Now they can do the same for their daughters."

Joanna sank into the flowered chair by the fireplace. She looked into the slim mirror that stood above the small table on the opposite wall. She made a wry face and pulled off her hat. "Some-

thing's gone out of me. I look like an old woman."

Abigail brought her a glass of milk and some thin, buttered toast. "Nonsense! You never looked lovelier . . . in a peaked sort of way. I think . . . I think you are a beautiful woman."

"Goodness!" said Joanna, "you've never paid me such a compliment. Where's Sally?"

"Rehearsing for a Mutual play. She insists that you have all the cast here after the play. If you can do it for Penny, she thinks you can do it for her."

Joanna sipped her milk. "Of course I can. I will have plenty of time, now, plenty of time." She put the glass down. "Sally's a practical little thing."

"She's not stardust and poetry," Abigail agreed. "But she has a good head on her shoulders. Makes me think of you."

Joanna slumped back wearily. "What would I do without you, Abigail?"

Abigail sat in the opposite chair and reached for the knitting that hung in the blue bag over the arm. "David wants to join the navy . . . air corps."

"I know," Joanna said. "If I can just make him wait another year."

"Let him go, Joanna. He will come back."

"Abigail? How do you know?"

Abigail bent over her knitting. "I just know. Let him go, Joanna. It will be all right."

* * * *

THE years that had flown so swiftly now dragged interminably. The hours in the day between the postman's visits were slow agony. But, as new day obliterated yesterday, Joanna ceased to watch. There would be no letter from Kent. Typical of him, to cut with a surgeon's brutal neatness the lump of pain, lest it grow cancerous. I should do the same, she thought. She watched the papers. When they carried brief items about him she cut the paragraphs and put them in the bottom drawer of her desk. A national magazine carried an article of his. On the front page she found his picture. He looked startlingly gaunt. His hair had been cut close to his head. He had been in Poland. Joanna wondered if he had time or wish to think of her at all. She put the picture with the clippings.

She had little time to brood. David went into the Navy Air Corps. Joanna's nights now included torturing dreams of a burning plane spinning to earth. But the house was alive and noisy and young with the activities of her children. Penny was enthusiastic about her music. The grand piano Joanna bought her was seldom silent when she was home.

Sally brought the better part of her class home every afternoon, and Joanna coming home would find the living room and dining room filled with bright-eyed youngsters who were beautifully courteous and forever hungry.

Michael was a boy scout and took to sleeping out in the back yard, or rising before dawn to go on never-ending hikes. He eluded Joanna and she grieved over him. She had never had time to know her youngest. She felt awkward with him, not knowing his life. It seemed secret and apart, peopled

with strange boys called "Stink" and "Clip" and "Saddy."

Tossing restlessly one Saturday morning, Joanna heard Michael rise and move about his room. She rose, too, and threw her robe about her. He was tiptoeing down the stairs when she caught up with him. "Michael, where are you going?"

She leaned over the railing and he tilted his head to look at her. Joanna almost cried out, his resemblance to his father was so strong.

He grinned. "Just out. It's almost light."

"But where?"

"Got a place I gotta see. Don't worry about me, Mom. If I hitch a ride I'll be back before noon."

"I can't sleep. Can I drive you?"

"Say! Would you, Mom?"

She accepted his delight as if it had been a gift of pearls. "Just a minute. I'll be ready."

She dashed back to her room and found an old gray skirt and a black sweater and black, low-heeled pumps. She tossed a short red jacket over her shoulders and went downstairs.

Michael was in the kitchen filling his knapsack. "We'll be hungry, Mom."

They stole out to the garage and, feeling like a fugitive, Joanna switched on the ignition and eased down the driveway. "Where to?"

"Up Lamb's Canyon."

THEY drove down the dark, deserted streets. It had rained and the air was heavy with the smell of rich summer earth and roses and rain-wet leaves. "This is exciting," Joanna said.

"This isn't half of it." Michael leaned back against the cushion.

It was beginning to be light when they reached the canyon, but the underbrush on either side was still black and the mountains were blacker against the pearl sky. A deer bounded across the road. Michael cried out.

Joanna stole a look at his freckled, blunt little face. It was ecstatic.

They reached a bend in the road and Michael said, "Here, Mother. Stop here."

Obediently, she parked the car a little off the road. He was out in a moment, like a caged thing set free. "Now you just come along with me. I'll show you something."

She followed him along the dew-wet path, hugging her arms over her breast to keep out the chill. He plunged ahead of her, reminding her of a small puppy, sniffing the wind, reading the sky. His hand reached out to touch every tree they passed, as if they were friends. He paused, finally, beside a small, hurtling stream. "This is a good place. Now watch me build a fire."

Joanna leaned against the bole of a tree and watched him pick up twigs and arrange them carefully in a wigwam effect. He lighted a match and knelt to hold it against a tiny curl of paper. There was a fullness in Joanna of tears and laughter. The laughter she could hold, but the tears scattered on her face. She wiped them away quickly with the back of her hand and went to kneel beside the tiny blaze.

"One match," he prodded.

"I saw, Michael. I think you're wonderful."

He opened his knapsack and took

out a frying pan, two plates, forks and knives, bacon, and eggs. By a great effort, Joanna kept from telling him that the pan was too hot for the bacon. She sat on a rock and breathed in the smell of pine and river, and listened to the small creek hurl itself over stones and around the bend. The bacon was slightly burned, but the eggs were fried to a queen's taste. Joanna ate hungrily and held out her plate for more.

"You come here alone?"

He smiled at her crookedly, bread making a lump in his cheek. "Every chance I get. You have it all to yourself this time of the morning. You get to see the sun come up and when it's half light, like this, you can pretend you're the only person who ever came here." He poked the fire with a stick. It crackled under his touch and sparks flew upward to the lightening sky.

Joanna's fork made a little clink when she put it on the plate. "It was nice of you to let me come here."

He buttered another slice of bread and spread it generously with strawberry jam. "Sometimes I pretend you're here with me. I show you things . . . way up on the hill."

"Oh," said Joanna, "I wish I had known."

HE took a big bite of the bread. "When I'm grown up I'm going to have some land. Lots of it. Miles and miles of it, if folks haven't used it all up. Mom, do you think people will have bought up all the land? Will there be just cities all over?"

"I don't think so, Michael. What will you do with all your acres?"

"Plant wheat, oats, have cattle. You can come and live with me and we'll sell the old bakeries. You can just sit in a chair all day long and look at my land."

"When I am an old lady," she agreed gravely, "I'll rock in the sun and watch for you to come home from the fields."

He sighed deeply. "Won't that be perfect though? I . . . I pray for it every night." He looked at her shyly.

He cleaned up the camp and afterwards they climbed the hill and sat side by side, watching the sun come over the ridge. Twigs snapped around them from the feet of small hidden things, and birds began a wild caroling.

"This has been good, Michael. Let me come again," Joanna pleaded.

He rose with her and led her down to the car. "We'll do this lots. I know even better places than this, places that Stink and Saddy haven't any idea about."

"What do Stink and Saddy call you, Michael?"

"Henderson."

"Good heavens! Why?"

He looked at her and grinned, "I never asked them why."

They reached home just as the others were coming down for breakfast. Sally and Penny eyed them. "Where have you two been?"

Joanna was aware of Michael's tenseness. "Oh, around," she said vaguely, and was repaid by his sudden relieved clatter up the stairs.

(To be continued)

Home Safety—a Family Affair

Nellie O. Parker

Former Member, Relief Society General Board

A distinguished speaker at the National Safety Congress held recently in Chicago said that the American home today needs the unifying force of religion and love; of family prayers and group projects to build strong, self-reliant, emotionally sane citizens as a safeguard for the security of the home and the Nation.

A happy home where parents and children live together in love and mutual helpfulness is most likely to be a safe one too.

Safety for the family depends not only upon the conditions of the house and its equipment, but also upon the physical and emotional health of both parents and children. There must be a feeling of well-being and security.

Physical handicaps and emotional conflicts are causes of accidents. The individual who is unhappy, frightened, or worried may unconsciously bring injuries to himself or others.

If he has poor muscular co-ordination, defective vision, or impaired hearing, mishaps can easily happen. Special care must be taken to protect such a one.

It is important for parents to provide an environment of safety as well as creating an atmosphere of love and sympathetic understanding. They should strive to instill a feeling of confidence in each child that he may step forward unafraid. The learning of the right safety attitudes and habits is fundamental in establishing this self-assurance.

The burden of responsibility rests with parents, but safety at home cannot be attained without the co-operation of the whole family. Teamwork is the key to success. Parents and older members of the household must practice the rules of safety. Children will unconsciously imitate their elders.

If father puts his tools in a safe place and, in case there is a gun, he unloads and dismantles it immediately and then locks it securely away, the children will be set a good example and many a life will be saved.

Children will usually enter into a family project with enthusiasm especially if their interest is kindled. They will take pride in keeping their clothing hung up and their toys put away if the storage places are glamorized.

Incorporate safety in every activity of a child's day, his health chores and his play. Teach him to climb only as high as his age warrants, not to run with a lollipop stick or a pencil in his mouth, to hold points of scissors down and cut with a knife away rather than toward his body.

Parents should use judgment in choosing the appropriate time to teach a child the proper way to use such things as scissors, knives, skates, scooter, etc.

IT is wise to appease a child's curiosity. Let him see what is cooking on the stove—he will be less tempted to pull the pot on to himself. Show him how the food mix-

er works. Let him strike the matches, under close supervision, for his birthday candles. Explain the danger of doing things the wrong way. The right way is always the safe way.

Encourage children to be alert, to detect and report the hazard they find that it may be either repaired or eliminated.

Teach children to be courteous and thoughtful, especially to other children. The polite child is, in most cases, a safe child. Examples of courtesy set by the parents and regard for the well-being of others will largely determine the children's behavior in this regard. Living the golden rule in the home will pay dividends. Thoughtlessness is the virus that is the insidious breeder of many home casualties. Some parents are being indicted for their thoughtlessness and outright carelessness, for poor and inadequate supervision of their children.

Half of the fatal accidents to children occur under their own roofs and in their own yards. These casualties usually happen in moments of inattention or careless lack of supervision by their parents or guardians. It is inhuman to leave little ones alone in any situation where their lives could be endangered—such as leaving baby in the bathtub while mother answers the telephone, or locking him in the house or in the family car while parents shop or go to a show.

Older children can share responsibility in safeguarding their smaller brothers and sisters if they are impressed with the importance of their charge. They can also bring home and apply the safety rules they have learned at school.

Organized effort is needed to bring safety education to parents. It has been proved in campaigns against disease—diphtheria, smallpox—that when parents know and are shown how, they act to protect their children.

National statistics tell us that home accidents—over 34,000 deaths in 1948—still remain the number one killer in the accident field. Communicable diseases have been controlled and reduced as much as sixty to ninety per cent in some fields.

Accidents have become the leading cause of death among children in the United States. They also bring the greatest loss of productive life of any cause not only of adults but also in the potential contribution that the stricken children might have made to the world.

Home safety means good housekeeping, keeping an orderly, smooth-running home—a place for everything and everything in its place—house and equipment in good repair and a happy, loving family, working together to keep accidents out of their realm.

Secrets

Elizabeth Johnson

Probe not too deeply
The corners of the heart;
Probe not profoundly
Lest the tears should start.

Let's Do Better Embroidery

Doris Feil

IN the seventeen years that I have been a member of the Church, I have attended many bazaars and similar functions sponsored by the Relief Society and other auxiliaries of the Church and, because embroidery is my own hobby, I have handled and examined countless pieces of needlework: dish towels, pillowcases, napkins, luncheon cloths, children's clothes, aprons, and other items, large and small.

Every needlewoman should realize that all needlework has two sides, the front or "on-display side," and the back, or "you're-looking-at-the-wrong-side," of the article. Wherever handwork is judged competitively, it is the neat back and not the impressive-looking front of an embroidered article that is always the criterion of its workmanship and the sign of finished skill in the needlewoman.

There is no need for the back of our embroidery to be an untidy hodge-podge of knots, loose ends, long loops of thread going from one leaf or flower or stem to another. It is just as easy to do embroidery that is, to all intents and purposes, reversible. This takes very little longer, is amazingly easy to do, and is well worth any little extra time and effort.

Let us suppose, for instance, that you are embroidering a simple spray of flowers on a napkin. You are going to use satin stitch for the flowers, outline or stem stitch for the stalk, and a bunch of French knots for the center of the flower.

Use a crewel needle for best results. These are fine and strong, yet they have large, easily threaded eyes. With two, or at the most three strands of embroidery thread in your needle, you start off on the flower stalk. On the right side of the material, about a third of an inch from the end, take four or five tiny running stitches back to the starting point. Pull until the end of your thread is barely above the surface of the material—and of course you have no knot in your thread. Then start embroidering, using regular outline stitch, directly over your little running stitches. Your embroidery will hide them completely and hold them firm. When you reach the end of the stalk, draw your thread through to the other side and on the wrong side take half a dozen more tiny running stitches back over the part you have just finished embroidering. Cut off the end. Both the beginning and the end of your thread are firmly held and completely invisible, without any unsightly knots and untidy ends.

For the satin stitch petals of the flower, you do exactly the same thing. Take half a dozen little running stitches right on the petal of the flower to the starting point, and then embroider over it until you reach the end of the petal. Bring your thread through to the wrong

side and then pass the thread under the embroidery on the wrong side for about a quarter to a half inch and cut flat with the cloth. Again, no knots, no ends, and your embroidery is as pretty on the wrong side as it is on the right.

THE cluster of French knots in the center offers a little different problem, but the solution is just as easy. Because of the type of stitch you are using, it is not so easy to start with running stitches and work over them. But this problem may be solved by having a big, beautiful knot at the end of the thread and starting it on the *right* side. Why not? You are going to have a cluster of some dozen or so knots right there, so why not have your starting knot on the right side where it will be lost in the crowd, so to speak, rather than on the wrong side where it will be conspicuous and ugly. Finish off with another knot, also on the right side, and all you will have to show on the wrong side will be a little cluster of neat, tiny, seed stitches.

Most of the common stitches used in embroidery can be adapted to this neat and effective way of commencing and finishing the work. With cross-stitch, I do the same thing and start without any knot in my thread but with a few running stitches across the center of the crosses, which the embroidery itself later covers. And in finishing, I take a few invisible stitches underneath the cross-stitching that has already been done.

Much of the perfection of a finished piece lies in the careful selection of materials as well as in the embroidery itself. Every woman knows what wonderful dish towels can be made out of used, bleached flour sacks. Aprons, also, can be made out of these readily available materials, either plain or dyed in various shades.

But where a lot of time and effort is going into the work, it pays in the long run to spend a little more and buy the best of materials. A lovely little luncheon cloth with a simple design can be made out of dyed flour sacking, and it will take a lot of hard wear for everyday use, but, if you are going to do an intricate design such as a cutwork cloth and napkins, only the best linen should be used and then you will have an exquisite piece that you can use all your life and your children can use and cherish after you are gone. Cheap rayons, thin cottons, any material that is not colorfast or guaranteed against shrinkage is not worth the buying, nor the time and effort spent in working it.

It hardly seems necessary to say that it is important to make sure that the thread, also, is colorfast and able to stand up to hard wear and constant washing. Nowadays, most threads are thus guaranteed, whether they are silk, cotton, rayon or wool.

By following these simple rules we can do beautiful embroidery that reflects exquisite neatness on both sides—embroidery work which will wash and wear and last long enough to become heirlooms in the family.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1948, page 274.

BAZAARS, SINGING MOTHERS, SOCIALS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Mae Matis

FINNISH MISSION, TAMPERE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS ASSEMBLED AT THEIR BAZAAR, June 1, 1949

Left to right: Secretary Emma Blixt; Counselor Signe Potjas; President Laina Lansilehto; chorister and organist Saara Potjas; work director Inez Erickson; Mae Matis, President, Finnish Mission Relief Society.

In reporting the Tampere bazaar, Sister Matis writes: "I was amazed at what they had accomplished in so short a time. They had a lovely program and sold all their articles. They made 10,400 marks, about $70. The photograph shows only part of the bazaar. I am so happy working with these sisters. They are a real inspiration to me and eager to do all they can to help this work go forward."

Mae Matis is president of the Finnish Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Harriet C. Leishman

HYRUM STAKE (UTAH), WELLSVILLE SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS PAST AND PRESENT OFFICERS

Front row, seated, left to right, ward presidents: Julia L. Wyatt (1920-30); Sarah P. Brenchley (1930-38); Bessie Jones (1938-43); Florence Brenchley (1943-49); Rhoda Thorpe (1949-).

Back row, standing, left to right, counselors and secretaries: Mary J. Parker; Annie Cooper; Mary Baldwin, representing her deceased mother; Alverta Leatham; Nettie Thorpe; Ida Murray; Ellen Hill, representing her deceased mother, Jane Jones; Hazel Kerr; Melba Jones; Pearl Bankhead; Alice Mitton; Naomice Perks.

This photograph was taken at the Anniversary Day party, March 1949, honoring all the women who have served as officers since the organization of the ward.

Harriet C. Leishman is president of Hyrum Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Edna Beal

SAN FERNANDO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), GLENDALE EAST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ASSEMBLED AT FOREST LAWN MEMORIAL PARK FOR CLOSING THEOLOGY LESSON, May 1949

Second Counselor Emily Steele is shown in the second row, fourth from the left; First Counselor Mary Ethel Kearl at extreme right on second row; President Lucile Lyon twelfth from left on the third row.

This meeting was specially planned to give the Relief Society sisters an opportunity to view the "Last Supper" window and the famous paintings which serve as beautiful illustrations for the theology lessons.

Mary E. Cutler is president of San Fernando Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Hattie Foutz

YOUNG STAKE (NEW MEXICO) SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED AT STAKE CONFERENCE

The chorister, Catherine Merrill, stands immediately back of the right side of the piano.

President Hattie Foutz reports that this chorus has been particularly active during the past year and has been featured at nearly all of the stake conferences. The chorister has spent considerable time assisting the ward groups.

Hattie D. Foutz is president of Young Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Bessie W. Dayley

WEST POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO) RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD MEMBERS ENTERTAIN FORMER STAKE BOARD MEMBERS, WARD OFFICERS, AND VISITING TEACHERS, May 14, 1949

At right, seated left to right: President Emily Romish; First Counselor Margaret Nelson; Second Counselor Bessie Dayley; Mary Gee; Mabel Sappington; Rita Austin; Asenath Benson; Alice Sutton; Sarah Stolworthy; Idalia Huff.

Stake Secretary-Treasurer Dora Allen, seated at the table.

The combined chorus of the Fifth and Ninth Ward Singing Mothers, with the director Ione Woodland and the pianist Leatha Hatch, are shown at the center back. Former stake board members are seated at the left.

Over two hundred guests were present for this occasion and an excellent program was presented. Each honored guest was presented with a corsage and special gifts were also presented to each *Magazine* representative who has achieved 100 per cent in her subscriptions.

Emily S. Romish is president of West Pocatello Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Helga Pugmire

POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO), VISITING TEACHERS ASSEMBLED AT A RECEPTION HELD IN THEIR HONOR, May 20, 1949

Stake President Helga Pugmire stands at the left on the second row; stake visiting teacher leader Matilda Kirkman is standing second from left on the second row, next to Sister Pugmire.

The program included a cantata by the stake Singing Mothers. Every visiting teacher was presented with a corsage of gold and blue flowers as a token of appreciation.

Photograph submitted by Georgia R. Livingston

EASTERN STATES MISSION, NORWICH (NEW YORK) BRANCH, NEWLY ORGANIZED RELIEF SOCIETY

Left to right: Gladys Holt, missionary; First Counselor Mary Walters; President Margaret Van Steinburg; Secretary Betty Brunton; Frances Weigel, music director; Ethel Horspool, missionary.

Georgia R. Livingston, President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society reports that this small group of sisters are very active in Relief Society work. Sister Livingston writes: "I am well pleased with the new organization at Norwich. The members are enthusiastic and going ahead in fine shape. There are a number of people investigating the gospel and are coming out and taking part. There were twenty non-members present at the meeting we held. They took part on the program, and the children participated in the Primary program."

Photograph submitted by Muriel S. Wallis

UINTAH STAKE (UTAH) VERNAL FIRST AND THIRD WARDS JOINT BIRTHDAY PARTY, March 15, 1949

One hundred women were present and enjoyed a delightful program and games. Officers in charge were Lela Johnson, Mildia Jones, Stella Pack, and Rose Miloicam of the Third Ward and Geneva Adamson, Doris Walker, and Verlie Stringham of the First Ward.

Muriel S. Wallis is president of Uintah Stake Relief Society.

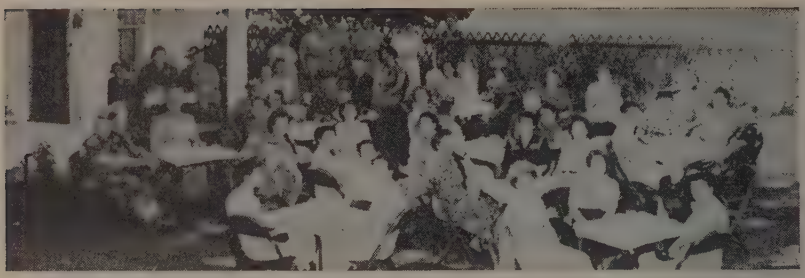
Photograph submitted by Martha W. Brown

CENTRAL STATES MISSION, HANNIBAL (MISSOURI) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Photograph taken at the Relief Society Memorial Marker in Nauvoo, Illinois

Left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Naomie Winthrop; Second Counselor Helen Harrison; First Counselor Fern Gardner; President Ruby Price. These officers have recently been appointed and they are doing excellent work in promoting Relief Society spirit and conducting the educational and compassionate activities of the society.

Martha W. Brown is president of the Central States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Ann Bell Hansen

SOUTH SANPETE STAKE (UTAH), EPHRAIM WEST WARD SOCIAL
June 21, 1949

This entertainment was held on the lawn at the home of President Martha N. Breinholt. Beautiful flowers surrounded the group. Fifty-seven members and guests were entertained by singing and games. A delicious luncheon was served. Stake board members are seated at the two tables at the right. Ward officers are seen standing in the background.

Ann Bell Hansen is president of South Sanpete Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Christie J. Smith

TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION, GILMER (TEXAS) BRANCH, COMPLETES RELIEF SOCIETY FRIENDSHIP QUILT

Left to right: President Flossie Lindsey; First Counselor Charity Amos; fourth from right, Second Counselor Lona Lee.

The friendship quilt, which netted this society $194, represents only one of the many activities undertaken by this energetic group, who loyally support all Church work in the branch.

Christie J. Smith is president of the Texas-Louisiana Mission Relief Society.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 20—"Continuation of the Perean and Judean Ministry" concluded, and "The Last Winter"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage, latter part of Chapter 27 and Chapter 28)

For Tuesday, January 3, 1950

Objective: To prove by cumulative evidence that Jesus was indeed the greatest teacher mankind has ever known.

On Marriage and Divorce

NO question is or can be more important to society than the preservation of the home. The perpetuity of the oneness between man and wife, and, therefore, the purity of the home, lies at the very foundation of progress and civilization. It is easy to see why the Pharisees sought to trap Jesus when they met him as he slowly made his way toward Jerusalem. Hoping that he would denounce the ruler, Herod Antipas, who was living in adultery, the Pharisees asked: "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" Among the Jews there were widely divergent views as to divorce. One school contended that divorce should be given a man on the slightest provocation. Another school contended that divorce should be granted only for violation of the law of chastity.

When the question last quoted was put to Jesus, he cited the eternal law of God.

> And he answered and said unto them, Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, And said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder (Matt. 19:4-6).

God has provided for honorable marriage. No earthly relationship is more sacred than that of husband and wife. Jesus superseded the law of Moses regarding divorce. It is plain that only by a strict compliance with the doctrine as he taught it, can a true order governing society be maintained. In the days of Jesus, men had practically made slaves of women. By the law of God it is intended that they shall be companions and partners. Jesus is the greatest friend and champion of women the world has ever known. His gospel completely emancipates women. Marriage was instituted of the Lord and is highly honorable. It should not be treated lightly.

A Perry Picture From a Painting by Hofmann

CHRIST AND THE RICH YOUNG MAN

Jesus and the Little Ones

In logical sequence, Jesus followed his instructions regarding marriage with a tender lesson regarding little children. Mothers brought their little children to him for a blessing. The disciples rebuked these mothers, seeking thereby to save the Savior from unnecessary trouble and worry. These disciples, however, must be taught a lesson. Jesus rebuked them and in sweet tones said: ". . . Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God" (Mark 10:14). That blessing was in no sense a baptism ". . . little children need no repentance, neither baptism . . . But little children are alive in Christ, even from the foundation of the world . . ." (Moroni 8:11-12). Jesus took the children in his arms, one by one, and blessed them.

"One Thing Thou Lackest"

A young man came to Jesus and knelt at his feet inquiring: "Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?" The reply was: "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." In answer to the young man's further inquiry as to which commandments were meant, Jesus explained that they included particularly those against murder, adultery, theft, and the bearing of false witness. Jesus told him also that he should honor his parents and should love his neighbor as himself. The young man said:

All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet? Jesus said

unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me (Matt. 19:16-21).

The young man had great possessions and, according to Luke, was a ruler. The Savior's words were disappointing to him and "he went away sorrowful." To give up wealth, social position, and official distinction was a sacrifice too great for him to make. While wealth is no insuperable obstacle to entrance into the kingdom of God, it does prevent many from entering. Willingness to place the kingdom of God above all material possessions was the one thing the young man lacked.

The First May Be Last, and the Last First

Following the departure of the rich young ruler, the Lord used the incident to teach one of his great lessons. Peter had asked this question, "Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?" Jesus explained to them that those who had truly followed him would "sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Lest those to whom such rewards were promised should count too surely upon successful attainment and become proud and neglectful of their duties, the Lord added this caution, "But many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first." (Read Matt. 19:27-30.)

Jesus then gave them the Parable of the Laborers. It should be read carefully (Matt. 20:1-16). It was common in those days for men seeking help, to go to the market places to hire men. While the parable was plainly intended for the twelve, it is a lesson for all of us that there should be no bargaining spirit in the Lord's work. Those who were hired late in the day had been ready and willing to work. It was not their fault that they had not been hired earlier. Those who worked all day received all the master thought they were worth. After all, we should think more of the work to be done and less of the wages we are to receive. An all-wise Master will give us all we deserve.

"The Last Winter" (Chapter 28)

At the Feast of the Dedication

Jesus reached Jerusalem in time to attend one of the later established but important feasts. It was held during a period corresponding to our December. It was the Lord's last winter of his earthly life. During the Maccabean persecution, the temple had been profaned by a Syrian king who captured Jerusalem about 168 B.C. He committed blasphemous outrages against the Jewish religion and carried away the rich treasures of the temple. The Feast of Dedication commemorated the rehabilitation of the sacred edifice. As ever, the presence of the Savior was disturbing to the rulers and high priests. The Jews asked him: "How long dost thou make us to doubt? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly." The question shows they had doubts. "Jesus answered them, I told you, and ye believed not: the works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me. But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep . . ." (John 10:24-28). He further explained that he had promised them eternal

life—the greatest of all gifts—and that he and the Father are one. "In the original Greek *one* appears in the neuter gender and, therefore, expresses oneness in attributes, power, or purpose, and not a oneness of personality which would have required the masculine form." (See note 3 end of chapter 28 of the text.)

On a previous occasion when he proclaimed himself the "I AM" he had told them he was greater than Abraham. He made it plain that he was not the earthly king for whom they were looking. He was the true Christ—the Eternal King.

The Jews were so enraged that they made an unsuccessful attempt on the Lord's life within the environs of the temple. He calmly called their attention to the fact that he had done many good works among them and asked ". . . for which of those works do ye stone me?" Angrily they replied: "For a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy; and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God" (John 10:32-33). He cited the scriptures wherein even judges empowered by divine authority are called Gods. If this was written in their law, surely he who had been sent by the Father could not be accused of blasphemy when he said he was the Son of God. Again the Jews sought to take Jesus, but his time had not yet come and they were foiled in their attempt.

Our Lord's Retirement in Perea

The Lord must further instruct his apostles before the time of his sacrifice should come. He retired with them into Perea, beyond Jordan. He went back to the place where John the Baptist had commenced his ministry. Just how long he remained in Perea is not known. He left in response to an earnest appeal from Mary and Martha who dwelt in Bethany near Jerusalem.

Lazarus Restored to Life

Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, was seriously ill. Jesus loved these two sisters and also the brother. When he heard the urgent appeal: "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick," he remarked: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." Jesus waited two days after receiving word of Lazarus' illness before announcing to the disciples that he was returning to Judea. Mindful of the danger through which he had recently passed, they tried to dissuade him from going. The Lord made it clear that he would not be deterred from doing his duty and that others ought not to be. It was his duty to return and he would go.

Lazarus evidently died the day the messengers left to find Jesus. The Savior knew he was dead. "Lazarus is dead," he told the disciples, "and I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless let us go unto him." Jesus had evidently decided to perform a miracle even before he started. Lazarus "had lain in the grave four days already" when Jesus arrived at Bethany of Judea. The two mourning sisters were at home when the word reached Martha of the near approach of the Savior. She hastened out and met him with these words: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died," and added:

"but I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." Jesus spoke assuringly: "Thy brother shall rise again." Those who heard seemed to understand that he had reference to the resurrection. (Read John 11:25-27.)

Martha notified Mary secretly and bade her go and meet the Lord. Mary used almost the exact words that Martha used in greeting the Master. The sight of the grief-stricken women caused Jesus to weep, and he directed that he be taken to the grave wherein lay the body of Lazarus. "It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it." Jesus asked that the stone be removed and, after uttering a prayer of thanksgiving to his Father, "he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth." Lazarus obeyed and the Lord commanded others to loose him from the graveclothes with which he was bound. This was not a case of resurrection from death to immortality. The spirit of Lazarus was called back to his dead body and he lived again in mortality. The miracle was performed not only to assuage the grief of the beloved sisters, but also that "the works of God should be made manifest."

The Hierarchy Greatly Agitated Over the Miracle

The raising of Lazarus from the grave by Jesus caused great excitement, and the Jews tried to get Lazarus into their power that they might kill him and "silence forever his testimony of the Lord's power over death."

Jesus in Retirement at Ephraim

To avoid the Jewish hostility, the Lord retired to a place called Ephraim, that he might spend the rest of the winter instructing his disciples. When he emerged from this place it was to commence "his solemn march toward Jerusalem and the cross."

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. What was the law given by Jesus regarding divorce? In what way was Jesus a great champion of women?
2. Wherein should we be like little children?
3. Discuss the question "What do I lack?" asked of Jesus by the rich young ruler. Are we today willing to put the work of the Lord ahead of wealth, social position, and official distinction?
4. Discuss the lesson taught by the Parable of the Laborers given by Jesus in answer to Peter's question as to what would be their reward for having forsaken all to follow him.

References in the Gospels

Matt. 9:23-25; 15:37.
Luke: 7:11-17; 16:31.
John 6:12; 8:58; 9:3; 10:11, 22-42; 11:1-54, 57; 12:9-11, 17.

Opportunity

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Who can know the kindly thoughts,
The gentle sweet humility
Inspired by the word, the hymns,
Unless he seeks the opportunity.

Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 4—"Lovest Thou Me? . . . Feed My Lambs" (John 21:15)

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, January 3, 1950

Objective: To point out that this admonition is equally important today.

THE writer has often wondered why it was that preceding his admonition to Peter (twice repeated) to "feed my sheep," the Savior told him to "feed my lambs." It might appear that he was thinking of the spiritual food of children and that it was equally important to that of adults.

Nowhere is our Savior's great tenderness shown more clearly than when he was in the company of little children. How he loved them and how at home they must have felt in his presence as he gathered them into his arms and blessed them! To call them lambs and he their shepherd was fitting, for, in ancient times, the shepherd had so small a flock that he knew each individual sheep or lamb. They, in turn, knew the voice of their shepherd and answered when he called.

This entreaty "Feed my lambs" (John 21:15), should be as appealing in our day as when it was first given. A child's mind cannot remain a vacuum. If it is not filled with worthwhile ideas, worthless ones may find lodgment there. Neither can a child's heart remain untouched. Some modern mothers have thought to let their children wait until they are old enough to decide which religion they prefer. What a mistaken idea! We all know that the most important impressions are made before a child is old enough to go to school. The modern mother is, for the most part, very careful about the food which she gives her growing child to sustain his physical needs. What about the food for his spirit? Is she equally careful? President David O. McKay has said that "there is an eternal part of us that will outlive the sun, the moon and even the earth itself." Just as a child's body needs food to nourish it, just as his mind needs mental exercise, so his spiritual nature needs refreshment and this need is equally as imperative as those of body and brain. We are but following in the Savior's footsteps when we make the child the object of our constant thought and solicitude.

William Jennings Bryan contributed some significant ideas on the power of children to comprehend religious teachings.

It is when we deal with the child that we get the clearest conception of faith over reason. The foundations of character are laid in faith not in reason; they are laid before the reason can be accepted as a guide. No one who exalts reason above

faith can lead a child to God, but a child can understand the love of the Saviour and the tender care of the Heavenly Father . . . Morality rests upon religion and religion, taking hold upon the heart, exercises a control far greater than any logic can exercise over the mind . . . .

If we love our Savior, we will feed his lambs.

Work Meeting—Sewing

Children's Clothing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 4—Underwear and Nightwear

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, January 10, 1950

ONE of the important advantages of home sewing is economy. It is not always economical to make all garments at home. Some kinds of underwear are examples of this. It would be well to study carefully the problem and see which articles of underclothing are best purchased in a store and which can be more advantageously handmade.

In general, knit garments, such as vests and panties, come under the classification of those that should be purchased ready-made. However, there are times when partially worn larger knit underwear can be remade into smaller articles at a considerable saving.

For all underclothing and nightwear, the first important feature to insist upon is absorbency, and, of course, after moisture is absorbed it should be able to rapidly evaporate. It is more healthful and comfortable for body moisture to be readily absorbed into clothing and as readily evaporated from it. Bird's-eye type of cotton is rated high for these qualities. Other smooth surface cottons absorb moisture quickly. Wool, because it does not absorb readily and gives up its moisture slowly, is not so good for underwear.

Underthings that can be made at home at a great saving are slips and summer panties for little girls and night clothes for both boys and girls.

When making panties be sure that the crotches are full enough so they do not bind. Seams should be firm and flat. Be sure leg bands and waistbands are not too tight. A good way to finish the waist is to have a fitted band across the front, with elastic at least one half inch wide only at the back.

Underslips can be made to fit from the shoulder or may be only from the waist down. Make them dainty and attractive. For these, a ruffle around the bottom always delights the small child. Sew these or any other ruffles on with a standing fell seam. It is neat and durable. Make it by sewing the ruffle evenly to the plain edge, right sides together. Trim the raw edge of the ruffle to one-fourth inch or less. Now turn in the other raw edge of

the seam and hem it down against the machine stitching by hand. For side seams, use a French seam.

It is as important for a child to be comfortable while sleeping as well as while playing. Sleeping garments must be roomy and made so they do not bind through the crotch. One-piece garments in general are preferable. Knit tubing is practical for making nightgowns. Older boys prefer two-piece styles, and the very young child needs to be able to have the lower part of the garment changed often.

For this nightwear, felled seams are best, since they are durable when laundered and have the advantage of two stitchings for extra strength.

Sew the buttons on firmly and have a reinforcement of tape sewed behind them. Here, again, commercial gripper fasteners are very practical and easy to use.

Literature—The Literature of England

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

Lesson 4—The English Bible

For Tuesday, January 17, 1950

IF, as someone has wisely observed, books are people, then of all the shelved friends offered to us by the libraries of the world, the personality of this "friend" has proved more popular than all others combined. Would you care to know the heart and mind of the past? The Bible gives greatest and most immediate returns on time invested, for as you read from its rich pages, the largest host ever united by one idea reads with you over your shoulder. Would you know beauty undefiled, the beauty of content being equalled by beauty of form? Read the Bible. Would you learn of yourself, and therefore of all mankind? Then gather from this cornucopia of God's wisdom and truth. Do you covet to know the Lord's will? Dynamically his spirit pervades his book, waiting to be shared with all who desire to partake of his offering.

When Matthew Arnold defined literature as "the best that has been thought and said in the world," he might well have envisioned the English Bible as the ideal exemplification of his statement. Consider, if you will, how the Bible, with immaculate superiority, possesses the three essentials of great literature: 1. an idea worth expressing; 2. the technique to express it beautifully; 3. the sincerity to express it convincingly. On these points the excellence of the Bible is unique; an attempt at comparing each or all might be likened to comparing the sun—with what? Yet, in the schools of our Christian culture, it is sometimes acknowledged, but rarely taught; in many schools only points one and three are valid and the Bible is taught only as theology or history.

The King James Version

Keeping always in mind that these three aspects of any great literary work are inseparably one, it is our present concern to discuss the King James Version (or Authorized Version) of the Bible as literature supremely worthy of our knowledge and love. We love best that which we understand most thoroughly. To know the Bible as a work of beauty, to identify its power over men throughout time, to know the story of how our Bible has grown into its present form—these intensify its sacredness by bringing it more intimately into our own minds and hearts.

For those who love and believe the Bible, it is the Holy Bible, which is as it should be. But in our zeal to learn its teachings that we might become doers of the word, often we forget to appreciate the magical beauty of the vessel in which Holy Writ is conveyed to us. While we recognize translation as the source of potential and actual error in doctrine, we must not forget to marvel that the original wedding of holiness with beauty has so pervaded the translators' minds, that it has never been lost. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." In the Bible we have not only the Word of God, but it carries the very spirit of God, successfully re-captured by translators who deeply venerated both God and their own role in sustaining his message. Besides being the word of God, then, the King James Bible is the fruit of a great love. It was re-conceived in English by devout scholars who wrote what was both in their hearts and in their heads. That they caught the great vision of the Bible cannot be doubted, since they perpetuated so successfully the original inspiration and the magnificent language of the book that their new creation has rightfully been called "*The noblest monument of English prose.*" Indeed so successful were they that no translation of the Bible into any language ever found its way into the hearts, the speech, the spirit, and language of a people so completely as did the King James Version work its way into the texture of English life.

The Bible is more than fact; it is emotion and spirit as well. Factual books are necessary and good, but man's destiny is formed by values which appeal to the emotions. We read a cookbook or a physics text or a court record for facts; rarely do we love them. While man's hunger for facts is very real, even more vital is his eternal desire for books which speak to his spirit and soul. While the Bible can well be justified by its factual content, the book has become part of the consciousness of man because its content is stated in words of emotional brilliance and spiritual exaltation. As does all great literature, the Bible does speak to the head, but only after the message has first warmed and fed the heart.

For example, attempt to read the following sentences without allowing them to influence the emotions: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork" (Psalms, 19:1). "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void: and

darkness was upon the face of the earth" (Genesis 1:1-2).

Immediately one senses a certain scope and depth, a liberating vision of the inner eye which sets such words apart as uncommon clay. Such writing speaks not to the reason alone, but to the moving spirit within. It has the unmistakable singing voice of great poetry. Its majesty, its simplicity, have captured the greatness of the original and its power strikes a note not to be confused with any other. Once we contrast such prose with the excellent but imperfect translations which preceded 1611, (see text, pp. 521-523), or with the flat modern translations, we understand more fully why the King James Version is read by more than ninety per cent of all English-speaking Christians.

As we have already pointed out, the King James Version is great literature because it excels both in content and in the beauty of its expression when translated into English. The background of all its books and the patterns of thought are Oriental, but the cadence and tone of its language, the flowing ease in which the ideas are expressed, owe a great debt to the original authors and also to those who finally translated the Bible into English. Thus the Bible combines the best of these two traditions which have many characteristics common to both; a high seriousness, a passion for truth and right, and a broad view of life. When such qualities were caught and preserved in the almost perfect phrases of the English language, a memorable blending was produced.

NOW let us suppose together. Suppose your Relief Society classroom was whisked away to seventeenth-century England, there to be transformed immediately into Hampton Court, where a conference of churchmen from all England is meeting. The year: 1604. Presiding: James I, King of England. Speaking: Dr. John Reynolds, President of Corpus Christi College. The question being discussed: a new translation of the Bible.

If your group numbers between forty-seven and fifty-four, it was a group of scholars just your size which was appointed to translate the Bible. Suppose you were one of these most learned gentlemen in England, trained in language and theology, devoutly religious, and humble at making an attempt at restating the very word of God. Fear, and suffocation under your emotional and spiritual load, might well engulf you. Yet for thirty-three months the six groups of scholars (two each at Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster) worked independently and then conferred until they agreed in perfect harmony, peace, and exaltation of spirit. For nine more months two men from each group met daily as a revising committee. Finally the translation was completed in 1611, seven years after it had been proposed.

You might well ask how we can know whether they worked together harmoniously, peacefully, and in exaltation of spirit. Consider the words of their translation: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me" (John 14:1).

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love (John 15:10).

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace (Numbers 6:24-26).

Here we detect the simplicity of greatness. It hardly seems possible that such serenity can be concealed in little words so common and unimpressive when arranged by pens less sensitive and sincere. As for the harmony of the Bible as a whole, it is impossible to detect lapses from the general excellence of tone which identifies the Old and the New Testament, and all the books therein.

We should also remember that at the completion of the King James translation John Milton had been living for three years, while Shakespeare was to live for but five years more. That the three highest pinnacles ever reached in English (the writings of Milton and Shakespeare and the King James Version of the Bible) should thus overlap is not to be counted mere coincidence. They were written when England was fearless, aggressive, and God-fearing, and her language expanded in pace with the great hopes and loves of her mighty sons. The richness of invention can be measured in part by the phrases which were turned with such aptness and precision by the translators that they are seemingly forever a part of our daily speech. To attempt a listing of all images in our language which had their origins in the King James Version would be out of place here; however, a few such familiar terms might well be listed:

Still small voice—labor of love—broken reed—widow's mite—apple of his eye—powers that be—clear as crystal—salt of the earth—handwriting on the wall—a "Judas," etc.

While undoubtedly we take such terms for granted, we should acknowledge that someone must receive the honor of creating them, and once more we must acknowledge our debt to the Bible.

The Authorized Version of 1611 was by no means the final translation. From its first edition until the Revised Version was published in England in 1885, nearly a hundred translations appeared, each attempting to correct existing inaccuracies. From 1900 to 1925 more than twenty-five versions of the New Testament appeared, many apparently justified by new findings in the growing field of Bible archaeology. In 1936, however, when the book *The Bible Designed to be Read as Living Literature* appeared, it was found to be almost entirely in the King James Version. Never before nor since 1611 has the sympathetic, creative art of translation come near approaching the culmination of English prose which then appeared.

Earlier English Translations

If the Authorized Version's literary supremacy has never since been challenged, neither should we imagine that it suddenly bloomed into being beneath a mysterious gooseberry bush. Actually the so-called King James Version of 1611

was the third "authorized" version, since both the Great Bible of 1539 and the Bishop's Bible had been authorized by the King of England to be read at public worship services of the Church of England.

The desire of the King James translators was not at all to create a new Bible, but really to revise many revisions, to make good translations better, "or out of many good ones [to make] one principal good one."

The Bishop's Bible (1568) was accepted by all scholars as the main guide, but all other available translations were consulted, not only in English but also in Chaldee, Hebrew, Syrian, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, and Dutch, or German. The Bishop's Bible itself was a revision of the Great Bible (1539) which was a revision of Matthew's Bible (1537) which was a combination of Tyndale's New Testament (1526) and Coverdale's Bible (1535), the first complete Bible to be printed in English.

Preliminary to all these were the translations of the first great English Bible made from the Latin Vulgate in 1382 and 1384 under the guiding spirit of John Wyclif (see text, pp. 85-86), the first great writer of English prose. Writing solely to make the Bible available to the common people, Wyclif used a blunt, vigorous style which was sometimes clumsy, but occasionally it soared to such perfect phrases as "the deep things of God." Every one of these early translators was raised on the Latin translation made from the Greek and Hebrew in 383 by the great scholar Jerome. Known as the Latin Vulgate, this translation was the sole translation of the Bible for more than a thousand years. Thus the sonorous music and dignified cadence of the Roman sentence was absorbed by the translators into all English versions.

The editors of the Revised Version in 1881 pointed out that eighty per cent of the New Testament was still best expressed in the words of William Tyndale, who had translated and printed the first English New Testament in 1526. Fired by an all-consuming love of God, and determined that "the plowman would sing a text of the scriptures at his plowbeam," Tyndale warmed his style with his own earnestness; his resulting style possessed a charm and deep spiritual tone which ideally fitted him to translate the Bible. He died at the stake, a martyr and an exile, because he believed in the common man's right to read the Bible.

Likewise forced to print his translation on the Continent, Miles Coverdale also had a delicate ear for the proper phrase. "Loving-kindness" and "tender mercy" are his. In his many years spent at translation, he re-stated the basic spirit of the Bible with such excellence that the English Bible owes more to him than to any other save Tyndale.

Thus we see the English Bible as the product of many men who loved deeply the words and spirit of God. Rising magnificently to meet the challenge, these Englishmen created a language worthy to express the spirit of God to all ages. Truly man has surpassed himself in writing the Bible, "the noblest monument of English prose."

Note to teachers: Our text offers twenty-five pages of the best Bible literature. Re-read all this material; then read aloud one or two selections, as lesson time permits. If necessary to cut the printed lesson in order to read from this source material, by all means do so.

Questions

1. Discuss the reasons why the Bible is great literature.
2. Is translation creative? Emphasize the necessity of having greatness in an original writing in order to produce a great translation. Give illustrations to justify your answer.
3. How can the Bible be emotional, and true as well?
4. Inasmuch as there are many modern translations, why is the King James Version still read by most people today?
5. Did the translators of the King James Version hope to create a new Bible?
6. Why is William Tyndale so important in the history of the Bible?
7. Discuss well-known Bible quotations for their simplicity of statement, depth of thought, imagery, and beauty.
8. Discuss ways in which we can help our families the better to appreciate the greatness of the Bible.

Memorizing Scripture Passages

A number of years ago a young couple, who were studying in Austria, took a pleasure cruise on the Mediterranean Sea. Their fellow passengers on the boat were cultured and refined people and among them was a group of children from a parochial school. On Sunday morning the priest in charge of the children conducted a religious service. He asked the passengers to join with the children, each in his own language, in repeating the Twenty-third Psalm.

Much to the chagrin of the young couple, they noticed that they were the only ones in the group who could not repeat the Twenty-third Psalm from memory.

On their way home this young couple spent a few days sightseeing in New York City. One day they visited the New York slums, including a house of shelter for derelicts. It so happened that they were there on a Sunday morning and the minister, conducting a service in the shelter, asked the congregation to repeat, if they could, the Twenty-third Psalm. Only one man could repeat the psalm.

These two incidents served as a lesson to the young couple. Since that time the woman has been assiduous in training children whom she has taught to memorize choice passages of scripture. Many words of appreciation from the children, now grown, have been expressed to her, especially from young men in the service.

Many people would testify that the silent repeating of favorite passages of scripture has served as an anchor to the soul in trying times. The experience of this young couple should be an incentive to Latter-day Saints to learn scripture passages and to teach their children the value and blessings that come through a knowledge of the sacred book—the Bible.—V. N. S.

PRAYERFULNESS: We are bidden to pray without ceasing and to continue constant in prayer. Paul prayed for "Timothy without ceasing night or day." Now how it is possible to pray without ceasing? We must have three conditions; first, we must acknowledge a want, and thence must acknowledge God's power to supply that want, then comes the appeal to him to put forth that power.—Mamie Taylor

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Political Thought

Lesson 3—"Governments Instituted for the Benefit of Man"—(D. & C. 134:1, 2)

Elder G. Homer Durham

For Tuesday, January 24, 1950

Objective: To show that governments exist for the benefit of man when founded on the free exercise of conscience, right and control of property, and protection of life.

Modern Attempts to Secure Peace

THE quest for peace is eternal. Men in all ages have sought peace from the ravages of war. Perhaps in no age has the yearning for peace been more real than in our own day. It is curious to note that international conferences held during peacetime for the purpose of preventing war actually—in our generation—date from the year 1899, the first Hague conference. The organized governments of the world meet together frequently nowadays under the charter of the United Nations or by other means to discuss their problems. Men seem to have placed the task of securing peace directly in the hands of the public official. This makes government a means to an end. To put it another way, modern man is attempting to use government as the instrument for securing peace just as a farmer might use a shovel as an instrument for digging an irrigation ditch. It takes a good shovel to make a good ditch. Only a proper kind of shovel will do the work intended. The same is true of government. What about government and the conditions of peace? What kind of government is needed to achieve peace?

Declaration in Regard to Government and Peace

Even though the Declaration regarding government and laws in general was written in 1835, its meaning is crystal clear today, in regard to the question of government and peace. The Declaration begins with a clarion call (verse one): *We believe that governments were instituted of God for the benefit of man; and that he holds men accountable for their acts in relation to them, both in making laws and administering them, for the good* and safety of society.

This verse raises four general points. First, governments are believed to be instituted of God. They are, therefore, worthy of human support. They are not necessarily evil—the fruit of apostasy—as our early opponents frequently charged the Latter-day Saints with believing. Governments are for the benefit of man. Man is not to be a slave of his government.

Second, the verse raises the question that, although governments as institutions were "instituted of God" for man's benefit, are all governments worthy of being classified in this category today? Are all the present systems of government worthy of the origin, "instituted of God"? Answers will subsequently be given.

Third, the verse lays down the glorious principle that men are responsible for good government. It

is up to us. This responsibility takes two lines: (a) We are *all* responsible for making laws and administering them for the "good and safety of society." This makes us doubly responsible for good government in our society.

Fourth, the question is raised, what is the "good and safety of society"? The Russians assume certain things to be for society's ultimate good and safety; the Japanese make contrary assumptions. The British may pursue objectives in a different way, while the Americans yet choose the written Constitution and the devices peculiar to that instrument. What can be concluded from these four main points?

How Good Is Modern Government?

The following suggestions are made. Governments were instituted of God in the beginning. The Latter-day Saint doctrine on this point is that the first government was the government of God. This was a pure, unselfish, holy form of government in which the free agency of man was a fundamental principle. Our doctrine further declares that apostasy from this original form of government took place with the result that it was modified into the various man-made forms that we have today. Accordingly, the present governments are good only to the extent that they conform to the standard pattern represented in the government of God. The fact that men are responsible for good government and the good and safety of society, simply means that it is the task of citizenship to see, so far as it is possible—recognizing the freedom of all men to choose—that government conforms to the basic standards required of the Lord. The basic criterion in this standard is the great doctrine of the free agency and liberty of man. On this principle we believe the world was organized and founded. Men should use their freedom, accordingly, to see that governments are worthy of the classification, "instituted of God."

Conditions of Peace

What then are the conditions of peace in society, accepting the necessity of government, recognizing the free agency of man, and the task of administering the laws for the good and safety of man?

Section 134, verse two, reads as follows: *We believe that no government can exist in peace, except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property, and the protection of life.* This verse contains what may be called "the conditions of peace." Let us list them:

1. Free exercise of individual conscience.
2. The individual right and control of property.
3. Protection of each individual life.

The Declaration of Belief makes it mandatory that every loyal Latter-day Saint recognize these three basic rights as the condition, not only of peace, but as the standard of his behavior toward all men. Likewise, all men are entitled to these rights, black, white, bond, free, male or female. At all times, any Latter-day Saint must stand firm for the principle of the free exercise of con-

science by all men, the right and control of property by an individual, and the protection of life on the part of any of God's children whether he be an Australian Bushman, a Chinaman, or a man named Jones, with dark or fair skin, in Kansas City or Salt Lake City, Utah.

It also means that we must insist on having laws made and administered which recognize these same principles. The good and safety of society depend upon securing these rights in both domestic society and international society. They are the conditions of peace, foreign and domestic. In this connection, it is interesting to observe that only recently, in fact since World War II, has modern man given any great public attention to the question of the international rights of man. The American Constitution led the way with certain declarations for individuals. Before the Constitution, there was the Declaration of Independence, itself, and the constitutions of the thirteen original states, all approximately in the year 1776. Now, mankind's attention is turning to the knowledge that all governments, not only the American, the British, and other well-known supporters of liberty, but all governments must protect basic, individual rights as an essential condition of peace.

There have been many proposals as to how peace and good order might be realized. Since the fourteenth century many schemes have been proposed by such great figures as Pierre du Bois, Sully, William Penn, J. J. Rousseau, Immanuel Kant, Jeremy Bentham, William Ladd, Woodrow Wilson, and others. Most of these proposals have been predicated upon the assumption that the formation of a league, confederacy, or other political structure, is an essential condition of peace. The League of Nations, 1919-1939, and now the United Nations, represent the culmination of this type of thinking. Currently, this school of thought continues vigorously with a group favoring the establishment of a "world federal government" based largely upon American experience.

Another body of informed opinion believes that only with the employment of the scientific method in human affairs, political, economic, psychological, and social, on a wide front, can the departure of war be hastened.

We know, by scientific observation and common experience, that foreigners and new-born babes alike can be absorbed into, and trained within, a given culture, say in a period of fifteen years. An American babe taken from the hospital at the time of its birth and transplanted to Russia, and a Russian babe similarly transplanted to America and raised by Americans, would, in fifteen years, have acquired the main trappings of American or Russian culture and be indistinguishable from its fellows. This fact suggests the scientific possibility that, should every home now existing in the world be converted to the ideal of world citizenship; and, should there be method and knowledge available in every home adequate to the task, we could train all the children born, commencing tomorrow morning, to be citizens of the world instead of citizens of single nations. The job,

granted the assumptions, could be pretty well completed by 1965. Why cannot we?

There are certain "cultural" universals known to all mankind, well-known to modern science. All get hungry; require affection; desire privacy; seek self-expression. As Stuart Chase wrote in a recent survey conducted for the Social Science Research Council in the United States: *"Where are the men who can transcend their own cultures and really labor in the Lord's vineyard serving all mankind?"*

Modern social science has revealed that it is very difficult for the people of one culture to even communicate successfully one with another so as to be understood. Americans expect everybody else to understand their particular method and mode of expression. How do you translate "Hi ya chum" into Russian or Chinese; and if it is translatable at all, would it have any meaning to those peoples? The current disagreement between Russians and Americans as to the meaning of "democracy" is only a case in point. Where are the men who can transcend their own cultures and really labor in the Lord's vineyard for the good of all mankind? Our L.D.S. missions, inspired by a deep and reverent faith, have taken elders throughout the world who have sought out the blood of Israel and all others who will accept the gospel. Facing the facts of mankind's sickened attitude towards war, the impact of modern science and technology in shaping the world's diversity slowly towards a common culture, the conditions of peace set forth in the Declaration remain fundamental. Men, groups, and nations will always resist force. If the area of freedom of conscience, alone, can be widened in the world, the channels for applying religious faith and scientific principle by voluntary means will remain open.

In the year 1620, a group of people seeking "peace" drew up the Mayflower Compact, aboard ship, before landing at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts Bay. Says the Compact:

> In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyall subjects of our dread soveraigne Lord, King James, ... haveing undertaken for the glorie of God, and advancemente of the Christian faith, and honour of our king and countrie, a voyage to plant the first colonie in the Northerne parts of Virginia, doe by these presents solemnly and mutualy in the presence of God, and one of another, covenant and combine our selves togeather into a civill body politick, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hearof to enacte, constitute, and frame such just and equall lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete and convenient for the generall good of the colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience . . . .

The Pilgrim Fathers, accepting the Mayflower Compact, were willing to agree and combine together for their common good. An important basis of successful peace, in American government, thus began.

Today, 140,000,000 people, more or less, are willing to agree to live in peace in the United States, accepting the responsibilities of self-government and freedom of conscience. Can this be achieved world-wide? The essential conditions, set

forth in the Declaration, should give us pause while challenging our utmost skill and ingenuity in the effort to apply them.

Questions for Discussion and Lesson Helps

Special Project: A ten-minute report on the Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907. Material can be found in any encyclopedia.

1. What is the unusual significance of the Hague Peace Conference?

2. When is the preferable time for a peace conference, immediately following a war, to clean up the debris; or, in a period of relative stability when war clouds are not on the horizon?

3. What are the "conditions of peace" according to the Declaration?

4. To whom are governments responsible?

5. How can government's responsibility to God be assured and maintained? (The specific answer is not printed in the lesson; it has to be thought out. It is an important practical matter. *If the issue was left to your class to determine,* what proposals, principles, practices would you recommend and order printed in your local paper, for example, as "ways and means" to keep government responsible to God. Later in the course, you can check your "policies" against the principles found in the Declaration.)

6. How can government's responsibility to man be assured?

7. Besides periodic elections, what are some other devices whereby men can hold government responsible to the people?

8. How do you, the people in your class, keep the local school board, city council, county commission, state legislature, state highway department, the national army or navy, your national delegate to the UN, "responsible" or do you even try? Elaborate some of the methods available.

Additional Projects: Assign three members of the class to investigate and report, briefly, but with specific references, mankind's long struggle to achieve: (1) freedom of conscience; (2) individual property rights; (3) protection of individual life. How safe or secure are these rights in the modern world?

(See "Civil Liberty Today," Dr. G. Homer Durham, *The Relief Society Magazine,* May 1949, page 299.)

Against the Years

Dorothy J. Roberts

Will my son's children know, old violin,
Seeing you lifted to cradle his chin,
Hearing the sigh of your silver note—
Will they remember the hallowed throat,
Which mellows your voice in its ancient wood,
Was trimmed from the organ pipes which stood
Sounding this people's exultant song,
The great dome finished above the throng?

Will my son's sons cherish you tenderly,
Or will they be stranger to history?
Sealed twenty times against the years
With this secret, glittering coat that sears
The grain of your beauty against decay,
And the scars of your past for a coming day;
Linked to the valley's noblest kin,
Will my son's children know, old violin?

Optional Lessons in Lieu of Social Science—The First Presidencies

(Primarily for use outside Continental United States and its possessions)

Lesson 10—President Heber J. Grant (1918-1945)

Elder T. Edgar Lyon

For Tuesday, January 24, 1950

The Presidency a Unit—The Three Are One

WHEN President Joseph F. Smith died on November 19, 1918, World War I had ended with an armistice only eight days earlier. The great world-wide epidemic of "Spanish influenza" was raging at its height and public meetings either for recreational, or religious purposes could not be held. The regular semi-annual conference of the Church had not been held during the previous October, and the annual conference was not held the following April. However, in accordance with the custom of the Church which has maintained since the succession of Brigham Young as President of the Church upon the death of the Prophet Joseph, Heber Jeddy Grant, President of the Council of the Twelve, became President of the Church on November 23, 1918. By late spring the influenza epidemic had subsided and a special Church-wide conference was held June 1, 1919, for the purpose of submitting the selection of the new President to the body of the Church for a sustaining vote.

At this conference, the newly selected president, then in his sixty-third year, made the following statement:

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

I shall do the best I can to fulfill every obligation that shall rest upon me as president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to the full extent of my ability.

I will ask no man to be more liberal with his means than I am with mine in proportion to what he possesses, for the advancement of God's kingdom.

I will ask no man to observe the word of wisdom any more closely than I will observe it.

I will ask no man to be more conscientious and prompt in the payment of his tithes and his offerings than I will be.

I will ask no man to be more ready and willing to come early and to go late and to labor with full power of mind and body than I will labor, always in humility (Roberts, *Comprehensive History of the Church*, VI: page 491).

In these words is found the keynote which characterized the administration of President Grant during nearly three decades—absolute obedience to the word and will of God.

Heber J. Grant, who was the seventh President of the Church, was the first President to be born in Utah and to grow up in the pioneering age of the colonization of the saints in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains. He was born in Salt Lake City on November 22, 1856, a son of Jedediah M. Grant, a member of the First Presidency, and Rachel Ridgway Ivins. His mother had accepted the restored gospel in New Jersey and, turning her back on the worldly wealth and a life of ease that her family offered, cast her lot with the Latter-day Saints and moved to the West. Nine days following the birth of Heber, who was her first child, her husband died. She was a woman of strong character and independence of spirit. In order to be self-supporting, she became a seamstress and also maintained a boarding house, thus making a living for herself and child.

The boyhood of President Grant was spent in Salt Lake City, Utah. In later life he often recalled his mother's struggles against poverty and adversity during his childhood, feeling that his character had been enriched and strengthened through these hardships. When he was about thirteen years of age, the youthful Heber became deeply impressed by the story of Nephi as recorded in the Book of Mormon. He often referred to the impression that the following declaration of Nephi made upon him:

And it came to pass that I, Nephi, said unto my father: I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them (I Nephi 3:7).

The great accomplishments which this ancient prophet-leader achieved through obedience to the commandments of the Lord and the admonitions of his father, inspired the boy Heber to emulate him. He determined to make implicit obedience to the Lord's injunctions and his mother's teachings the guideposts of his life.

He became a dutiful and obedient son and at an early age was actively engaged in Church service. But obedience meant more to him than merely doing what was advised or requested. He conceived obedience to be intimately connected with improvement or perfection. This led him to strive for improvement in whatever he was assigned to do, or in anything that he undertook to do. At an early stage in life he commenced to manifest the invincible determination that characterized his thought and conduct to the end of his life. His own narratives reveal the struggles through which he passed in learning to play baseball, to write legibly, to sing, to become a public speaker, and to overcome the handicap of a weak physique.

As President Grant often quoted and proved to be true by his own persistence, "That which we persist in doing becomes easier for us to do; not that the nature of the thing itself is changed, but that our power to do is increased."

At an early age Heber J. Grant embarked upon a career of business and public service that has placed him in the front ranks of state-builders in the Intermountain West. From a messenger for an insurance firm he rose to positions of bookkeeper, then bank cashier, and later established his own insurance company. The training he gained in these ventures was later to be of inestimable worth to the Church. When the Church was staggering under a great burden of debt, intensified by nation-wide depression, he was sent by the First Presidency on financial missions to the east and west coasts to borrow large sums of money for the benefit of the Church and its membership. The beet sugar industry in the Intermountain territory owes much to his enterprise.

So prominent had he become in the public mind, that it appears certain he would have been nominated as a candidate for the position of first governor of the State of Utah by one of the political parties. He confesses that nothing would have pleased him more at the time than to have had this honor, but when he asked President Woodruff if he should accept it, no reply was forthcoming. Heber J. Grant then realized that the Church needed him more than the State did and, subordinating his own desires to his determination to obey his calling as one of the Twelve, he asked that his name be withheld from the convention.

Earlier, in October 1880, when not quite twenty-four years of age, he was called by President Taylor to take up his residence in Tooele and preside over that stake. Acceptance of this call meant a great financial sacrifice to the young business man but, true to the precept that guided him in his life, he devoted himself to the task with admirable success. Two years later he was called to the apostleship. He opened and presided over the mission of the Church in Japan from 1901 to 1903, and later presided over the European Mission from 1904 to 1906. These mission experiences occurred in days when the Church was maligned and persecuted on all sides. President Grant lived to be received with ovations from the press of the countries that once abused him and the Church he represented as a missionary.

The last words that the late President Joseph F. Smith spoke on the day of the night he died, to Heber J. Grant were:

> The Lord bless you, my boy, the Lord bless you; you have got a great responsibility. Always remember this is the Lord's work, and not man's. The Lord is greater than any man. He knows whom he wants to lead His Church, and never makes any mistake. The Lord bless you (*Gospel Standards*, page 194).

Throughout the years that he directed the destinies of the Church as the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, he endeavored to make this admonition his guide. The policies of his predecessor were continued. The Church continued its expansion in missionary work with the opening of new missions and the erection or

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purchase of numerous chapels. Temples were erected in Hawaii, Canada, Arizona, and Idaho, and sites were selected for the erection of two temples in California.

During the twenty-six and a half years that President Grant directed the Church, its growth and expansion were phenomenal. There were seventy-five stakes in the Church at the beginning of his administration. When he passed away that number had been more than doubled. In 1918, the population of the Church was less than half a million. He lived to see it practically doubled. Several hundred new wards were also organized under his direction. So many chapels and stake buildings did he dedicate that at one time he jokingly remarked that in years to come he would probably be spoken of as "Heber the Dedicator."

In addition to these physical signs of Church growth, there was a parallel growth in efforts to improve the public and private morals of both the Church membership and society as a whole. President Grant stood in the vanguard of these movements for righteous living. The Church has never had a greater advocate of the word of wisdom than its seventh President. During the October Conference of 1883, the year following his selection to the Quorum of the Twelve, he stated:

> But in order to understand it (the restored gospel) it is necessary to live it. God has laid down certain laws for our guidance, and has made promises as the result of obedience to the same. One of these was the word of wisdom, through obedience to which some of the greatest blessings would accrue.

Some have argued that the word of wisdom was "To be sent greeting; not by commandment or restraint . . . ." To such, President Grant said, "But what else does it say? It says '. . . by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth . . . .' What? 'Showing forth the order and *will* of God.' "

That was sufficient for President Grant, and should be for every one who calls himself a member of the Church. The *will* of God should be obeyed as much as a direct commandment, if one properly understands the gospel.

Another notable accomplishment of the Church under the inspired leadership of President Grant, was the institution of the Church Welfare Plan on a Church-wide basis. Based upon revelation as definite as any received by Joseph Smith in relation to the economic welfare of the saints in the early days, this modern Prophet led the Church to establish a system which manifests the marks of true religion and pure brotherly love.

The religious message of President Grant can best be summarized in his oft-quoted phrase: "Latter-day Saints, keep the commandments of God!" He stressed the need for developing spiritual righteousness through proper living as a forerunner of the higher spirituality toward which mankind should be striving. He often said that the burden of his message could be found in this three-word message, "Keep the commandments."

One of the great traits of President Grant's character was his generosity. In later years his business prospered remarkably and relieved

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him from the financial worries that had characterized his earlier life. But money was only attractive to him for the good he could accomplish with it. Without display or publicity, he brought cheer to many unfortunate souls both in and out of the Church. Widows had mortgages on their homes paid by this generous Prophet; children in hospitals were cheered by his gifts; he gave liberally toward the erection of chapels and other Church buildings. One of his greatest manifestations of generosity is found in the distribution of good books. He gave away many thousands of Church books, historical, poetical, and musical publications. Thousands of people alive in the Church today proudly display in their libraries gifts bearing his autograph. In this manner he sought to enrich the lives of people, by bringing them the best in literature. In November 1897, President Grant was one of the principal founders of the *Improvement Era* and for many years fostered it, as a means of spreading Church information and promoting the cause of righteousness in the world.

President Grant was a man of great physical vitality. He labored diligently for the kingdom of God and passed from mortality at Salt Lake City on May 14, 1945.

Topics for Discussion and Study

1. What great prophet-leader inspired the youthful Heber J. Grant to place absolute faith in obedience to God's commands?
2. What significance do you attach to the farewell message of President Joseph F. Smith to Heber J. Grant?
3. What conditions influenced President Grant in preaching so strongly the need

for rigid observance of the word of wisdom?

4. Have someone read and report to the group some of the articles dealing with the family life, missionary labors, Church activities, civic leadership and business enterprises of Heber J. Grant as found in the November 1936 *Improvement Era* (where available).
5. In every ward, stake, or mission will be found many books that President Grant has given to friends. What significance do you see in this hobby of giving away books?

References

Grant, Heber J., Sermons in the Annual and Semi-Annual *Conference Reports of the Church; Gospel Standards.*

Improvement Era, November issue, 1936 (this is the special number commemorating the eightieth birthday of President Grant).

Roberts, B. H., *Comprehensive History of the Church*, Vol. VI, pp. 479-505.

Jacob, Maude Beeley, *Heroes of Truth*, page 62.

Professional and Social Stationery

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Bride's Illusion for a Pioneer

Lael W. Hill

Whether gray homespun or white muslin made her dress,
She dreamed of heirloom lace and silk brocade—
Desired to dazzle him with loveliness . . . .

He, plain-spoken, rugged, unafraid
Of fellow man or beast, gazed at his bride
And could not say how fair she seemed arrayed.

She came to meet him, young and tender-eyed;
They spoke their vows; he kissed her, and they went
To conquer wilderness, side by side.

Perhaps his slow smile told her what he meant
To tell, himself, if he could find the way,
And that is why she lived her life content.

She knew by love what he would like to say:
How beautiful she was, their wedding day.

From Near and Far

I am very devoted to *The Relief Society Magazine* and have been the class leader for the literature lesson for three years in my ward. I read and enjoy the *Magazine* from cover to cover, especially the poetry.

—Ruby Newman, Mesa, Arizona

I enjoy the articles and stories in the *Magazine*, and also the lessons and the poetry. It would be impossible to list the many helpful features, so suffice it to say "thanks" and best wishes for continued success. I feel very happy if I manage to have something published, and consider it an honor to be in *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Norma Wrathall, Murray, Utah

The serial story "Joanna" is one of the very best ever published in the *Magazine* and I send thanks to Margery S. Stewart for this thoughtful and entertaining contribution to my joy in reading.

—Lynn W. Brown, Logan, Utah

I have had the *Magazine* for a number of years, enjoyed reading it, but never got the real good of it until this fall when I fell and broke my hip. I have been in bed for seven months and this has given me time to read the *Magazine* and really get the meaning of it. Many times I have read a *Magazine* over twice. It has been a great comfort to me and I do look forward to it every month and I hope and pray that others may understand the good in this *Magazine* and subscribe for it. I was born in a foreign country and had to work hard after coming here to learn the language, but I thank my Heavenly Father that I am here in this lovely land, where we can enjoy life.

—Emma Handley, Salt Lake City, Utah

I do enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* so much. For about twenty years I was only in touch with the Church through the Church magazines and once in a long time a visit from the missionaries. But I am so thankful to have a branch organized in Alliance now.

—Zelma F. Boesch, Alliance, Ohio

I do enjoy your excellent *Magazine*. I still enjoy the lessons, though I am unable to attend Relief Society meetings any more because I am working.

—Matia M. Burk, Provo, Utah

May I say that I think *The Relief Society Magazine* is better each year? For years I have thought it was as good as it was possible to become, but it continues to increase in meaning and especially in discrimination.

—Stella S. Burnham, Ephrata, Washington

I would hate very much to miss a single *Magazine*. I enjoy reading them so much and the wonderful lessons which are in them.

—Urilda C. Robinson, Lower Lake, California

I love the *Magazine*. I've never missed a number since the first printing.

—Mrs. Jenna Rich, Morgan, Utah

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy this wonderful *Magazine*. I live many miles from a branch of the Church and, therefore, I have no chance to go to Relief Society meetings, but can keep up on the lessons through the *Magazine*, which helps so much.

—Margaret C. Blackburn, Lapine, Oregon

How I have enjoyed the excellent *Relief Society Magazine*. I have shared the *Magzine* with many of my friends and have been so proud to do so.

—Anna B. Hart, Nashville, Tennessee

An interesting communication has been received regarding Pauline Olsen of Lorenzo, Idaho, a diligent and faithful Relief Society member, seventy-nine years old. Sister Olsen was born without any arms but she has been most resourceful in overcoming this handicap. She crochets with her left foot and writes with her right foot. She makes her own bed and sews all her own clothing on a treadle sewing machine. A subscriber to the *Magazine*, Sister Olsen is appreciative of the messages it brings to her and the inspiration it gives.

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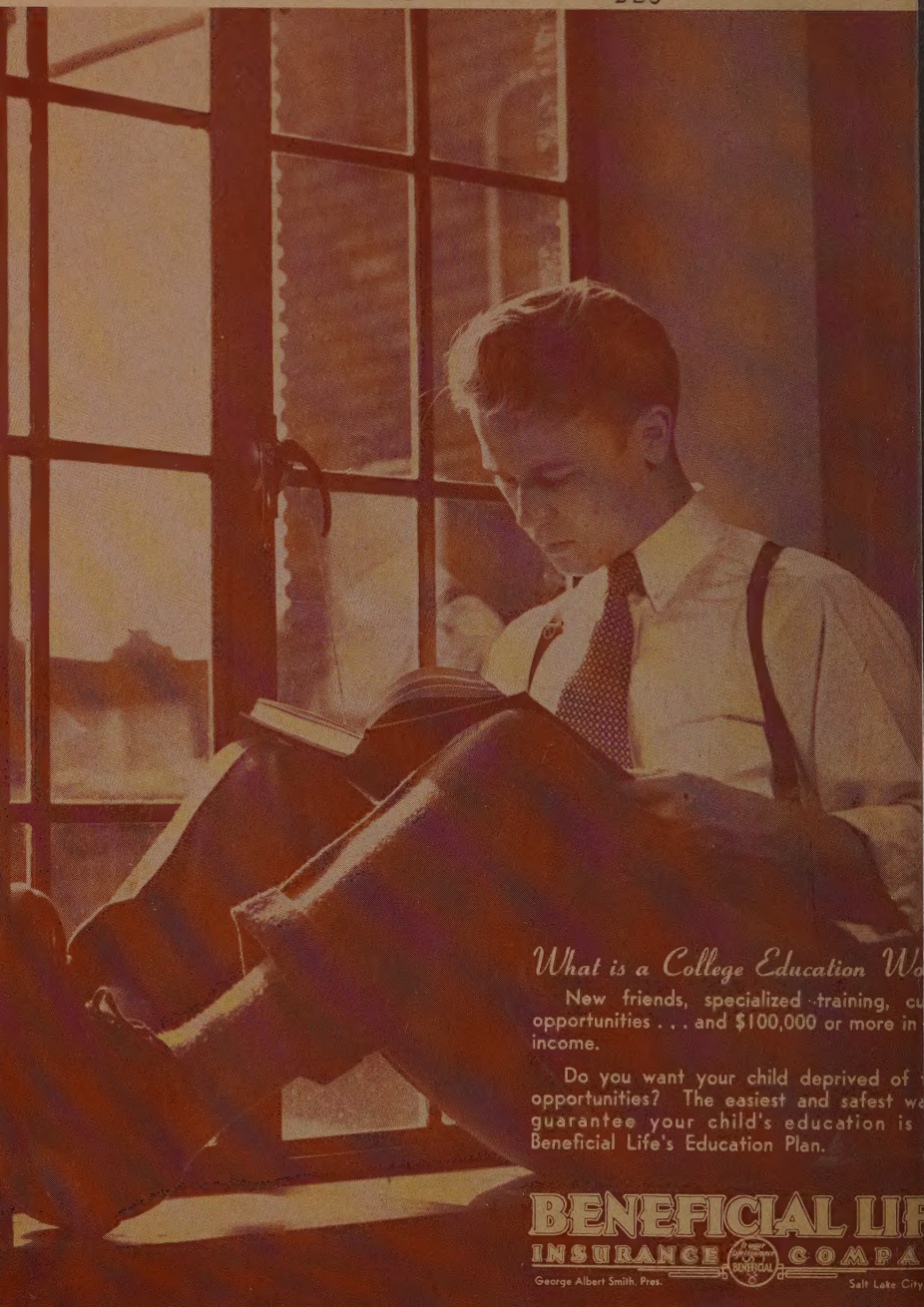
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